

# PUNCH



## SUMMER NUMBER



*The purr of wheels as the hors d'œuvres glide by . . . and the discreet squeak of a cork yielding its treasure of fine wine. The bubbling of soft laughter from a distant table . . . and the echoing tinkle from the crystal drops of the candelabrum. Two half-remembered bars of magic from the ballet's pas de deux . . . the blessed knowledge that there's no further need to hurry on . . . And for perfection, one thing more—*

NUMBER SEVEN



*Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/11 • ALSO Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian*

ABDULLA AND COMPANY LIMITED . 173 NEW BOND STREET . LONDON . W1



**"I think I'd like  
a White Horse  
better than anything"**





BY APPOINTMENT TO  
HIS MAJESTY KING PAUL  
OF THE HELLENES



BY APPOINTMENT  
NAVAL OUTFITTERS TO  
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
HIS MAJESTY KING FREDERICK  
OF DENMARK

# Gieves

Limited

Tailors, hosiers and hatters  
of Bond Street  
Est. 1785

27 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1  
REGENT 2276

Edinburgh • Liverpool • Bath • Portsmouth • Southampton • Londonderry  
Bournemouth • Gibraltar • Weymouth • Plymouth • Chatham • Malta



It's the wise man who knows that if you take care of your shoes your clothes will take care of themselves.

LOTUS shoes are made for such, having an eye to the fine points of appearance. Their leather, their lines, their workmanship and multiple measurements provide each with the perfect fit.

## LOTUS SHOES

FOR ALL MEN AND MOST OCCASIONS

LOTUS LTD., STAFFORD



**PEL ALWAYS LOOKS WELL**

The model illustrated is the S.P.7.  
Send for particulars of the full Pel range.

There is many a reception room up and down the country that would make a better first impression and a lasting good impression if its furniture were by Pel.

MADE BY PEL LTD. • OLDBURY • BIRMINGHAM • A T.P. COMPANY

London Showrooms: 15 Henrietta Place, London, W.1. Distributors throughout the country.  
Glasgow Office: 10 Wellington Street, C.1.

TBW-GP1



And now...

**Tokyo in 41½ hours**

By this latest addition to the world-famous KLM services to the Orient, you can speed to Japan in three days and enjoy comfort first and fast all the way:

- ★ Flights depart each Tuesday
- ★ Latest-type pressurised Constellation aircraft
- ★ Superb cuisine 'on the house'
- ★ Scheduled I.A.T.A. fares from LONDON, MANCHESTER, GLASGOW, DUBLIN.



All information from your Travel Agent or KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, 202/4 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1. (tLO 3488). And at Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow and Dublin.



## TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



### *Guardians of a priceless treasure*

Switzerland has no raw materials, no natural wealth. Her one treasure lies in the skills of her people — a treasure which has been faithfully built and faithfully guarded through the centuries. In order to survive, the Swiss have become a nation of specialists, a people of inventive genius and unrivalled precision.

Most widely renowned of their specialised products is the fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch. In these watches three centuries of traditional skill, and the most modern and scientific production methods, are combined with infinite care.

This care can all be wasted if your watch comes to you through careless or greedy hands. To be sure of getting the best of Switzerland, go to a qualified jeweller. A specialised product needs a specialised retailer, and your jeweller is the specialist in watches.

*Only he* can explain to you which are the good Swiss watches.

*Only he* can bring them to you through skilful, careful hands.

*Only he* can give your watch expert service in the future.

The Swiss watch craftsman is proud of his work. If you choose a good Swiss jewelled-lever watch, and choose it at your jeweller's, you will share his pride.



*Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard*

The WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND

## CAR'S INSIDE STORY

*What car's he got?*

He gave you a lift last week — now can you remember what kind of car that was? Probably not.

*If that car had been a Javelin you'd have noticed.*

When you're in one you feel something happening — you know it's not an ordinary car. There's that quick gear change all the experts praise; flashlight acceleration (0-70 in 36.4 secs.); a genuine 80 m.p.h. and torsion bar suspension that does what only torsion bars can do to bumps.

It only needs one short ride in a Javelin for you to start thinking, yes, one day this car's going to be yours.

The Javelin is a waste of money if you don't care what a car does. There's such a lot built into it that doesn't really show until you have one in your hands — real family comfort — and performance.

Best speed, electrically timed, 80 m.p.h. Acceleration 0-50 m.p.h. in 15.4 secs. (*The Motor* 1952 Road Test). Horizontally opposed 13 h.p. flat-four engine gives 30 m.p.g.



The 1½ litre

**JOWETT JAVELIN**

*one day—it has to be YOURS!*

Made by JOWETT CARS LIMITED, IDLE, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE, who make the Jowett Jupiter convertible — class winner of 9 major trials and races in 1930/31 — and, of course, the famous range of 8 h.p. Bradford commercial vehicles.



**Memo to  
Young Men  
About Town:—**

*All over the world  
where good  
taste and pleasure  
meet—you'll  
find this bottle . . . . .*

## Dry Monopole

CHAMPAGNE



Sales & Bottling by W. & J. G. & Co. Ltd.,  
Buckingham Palace, London, E.C. 1.



**the world's most honoured watch**  
BAUME & CO. LTD. LONDON AND LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS



**In design and performance**

**olivetti**

TYPEWRITERS

***clearly distinguished***

Distinguished to look at, smooth and fast in use, clear in impression, dead accurate in alignment — these are the qualities that have made Olivetti a world-wide name. Olivetti typewriters, from the factory in Glasgow, are equipping many famous businesses at home and abroad — giving the typist a superb machine which responds easily to her skill, and makes every letter she types so clearly distinguished.

BRITISH OLIVETTI LIMITED 10 BERKELEY SQUARE LONDON W.1 GRO 6161

Standard · Electric · Portable Typewriters · Printing Calculators · Adding/Listing Machines

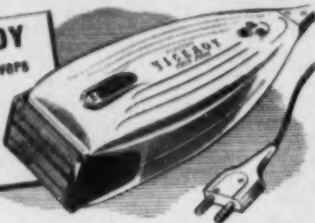


## saves you money — think it over!

Choose a Rolls Razor product for real luxury shaving! Whether your preference is for a wet shave or a dry shave, you will find that these fine quality articles embody Rolls Razor's 25 years of experience in making shaving equipment of unmatched finish and efficiency.

### Twin - Four VICEROY The Rolls Razor of Dry Shavers

Price (in silk and velvet lined case) 160/-. Other Viceroy Models for the more moderate purse are the 'Universal' at 119/6d (A.C./D.C. 90/250v.) and the 'A.C.' Model at 99/6d (200/250v.).



★ **Saves money.** No blades to buy with a Viceroy. The first cost is the last cost. What a saving!

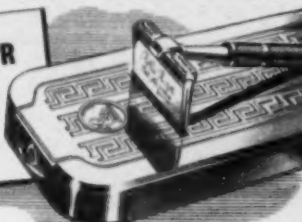
★ **Saves time.** The extra shaving surfaces of the Multiple Shaving Heads give a wider coverage with each shaving stroke, and deal really closely with tough or soft beards, long or short hairs.

★ **Saves trouble.** The quietly powerful motor of the Twin-Four Viceroy operates on A.C. and D.C. and on all voltages from 90 to 250. What a convenience!

**NO ELECTRICITY?** Then the Dry Shaver for you is the Viceroy Non-Electric Model. Just press the lever and shave! 99/6d including tax (in U.K. only).

### ROLLS RAZOR The One Blade Safety

Price 40/9d complete.  
Leather Pouch Set with spare blade 79/6d.



★ **Saves blade-buying.** The Rolls Razor's hollow-ground blade lasts for years and years—outlasting any other safety blade in the world.

★ **Saves your face.** Rolls Razor's finely tempered blade glides through bristles and leaves your skin soft and velvety.

★ **Saves your temper.** The hollow-ground blade is honed and stropped in its case—thus the Rolls Razor is a complete and compact shaving unit.

Stocked by local dealers throughout the British Isles. Prices include P.T. and apply in U.K. only. Also ask for Rolls Razor Shaving Bowls, Sticks & Brushes.

# ROLLS RAZOR

Specialists in Shaving Techniques

ROLLS RAZOR LTD., Head Office, Works and Service: Cricklewood, London, N.W.2  
Showrooms: 193 Regent Street, London, W.1. (Callers only).

**Valstar**  
The Aristocrat of Raincoats  
AVAILABLE AT MOST FINE STORES  
Write for the name of your nearest stockists to  
VALSTAR LTD., 314 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

**Unruffled...** Silvifix Hair Cream will keep your hair under perfect control—even in life's most strenuous moments. And without gumming or greasiness! Highly concentrated, a jar of Silvifix lasts 3 to 4 times as long as other dressings. Silvifix is made for those who prefer something just a little better than the ordinary.

4/6 a jar, including tax.







### SOBRANIE STRAIGHT CUT VIRGINIA

*will make you a confirmed smoker for life. There'll be no turning back — its smooth smoking, its inimitable flavour will captivate you. Here is Sobranie's age-old tradition happily wedded to the Virginia vogue of today.*



*If you are resident abroad and have difficulty in obtaining Sobranie Cigarettes or Pipe Tobaccos, please write for duty free prices or name of Agent in your country to*

**SOBRANIE LIMITED, SOBRANIE HOUSE, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1**





quiet, perfect grooming

Other items in the Lanthéric range for men

Tanbark Cologne 3/- & 8/4  
After Shave Powder 8/4  
Scent Stimulant 8/4  
Hair Dressing 8/4  
Brilliantine 5/- & 8/4  
Lather Shaving Cream 3/-  
Men's Soap 3/-

Three Musketeers—After Shave Lotion with either Scent Stimulant and Hair Dressing—Scent Stimulant and Tanbark Cologne—or Brilliantine and After Shave Powder 33/-

For men who know and value the calm assurance given by perfect grooming—who enjoy the classic luxury of being 'well-barbered'. The invigorating tingle of after-shave lotion, in handy-grip flacon 5/- & 8/4

for men by **Lanthéric**

PARIS • 17 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1 • NEW YORK

The pleasures of the picnic.



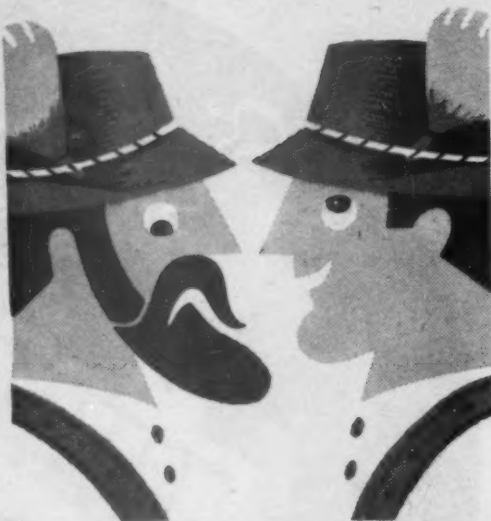
It's not necessarily how much you eat, but just as likely what you eat, that brings on indigestion: hurried meals and worry are other causes. 150 years ago "Dr. Jenner's" won world fame for the speedy relief of indigestion.

**Dr. JENNER'S**  
for indigestion

The stress of modern life and diet restrictions make the need for "Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges" equally great to-day. Prices 1/8 & 3/11 from Chemists, or address below. Send a post-card for Free Sample in Case

Savory & Moore Ltd., 143, New Bond Street, London, W.1

ALL OVER THE WORLD



Good mornings begin with

**Gillette**

In the mornings the mountains are ringing  
With yodelling, whistling and singing;  
Since a Blue Gillette Blade  
With the sharpest edge made  
To each shaver peak pleasure is bringing.



10-BLADE PACKET 2/8



20-BLADE DISPENSER 5/4

BUY THE BEST AND SAVE MONEY!

**Blue Gillette Blades**

It's a happy  
thought...it's a

**DAKS**

suit!



It's not every man who can afford in these days a separate suit for every occasion. But here is one which, though a country suit, will proclaim you as a well-dressed man even on visits to town. The reason is that it's Simpson-tailored — superb tweed cut on easy, distinguished lines — and with the famous Daks trousers with their beautiful hang. The value is astonishing.

**SIMPSON TAILORED**

Punch, May 26 1952

## Comfort in high places



Sizes 14½" to 17"  
neck band  
Price 59s. 6d.

Whether you are scaling the Langdales or on more usual occasions at ground level, you will feel at home in a 'Viyella' shirt. It is admirably tailored in exclusive checks or herringbone weaves, in the convenient coat style.

The cut of the collar is such that you can be your formal or informal self according to taste.

And 'Viyella' shirts serve you faithfully for years, always preserving their fine, luxurious texture.

We shall be happy to supply a selection of patterns (and if necessary the name of your nearest shop) on request to Dept. P7/S, Viyella House, Nottingham.

There's nothing to equal  
**'Viyella'**  
REGD  
IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF "DAYELLA" AND "CLYDELLA"  
WILLIAM HOLLAND & COMPANY LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM

10/52



**Better by  
a long stretch!**



No matter which comes first—your palate or your pocket—Four Square will please you most. No tobacco gives a pipe-lover so much pleasure, and a thrifty man so much economy. Vacuum packed, fresh from the blender's table, Four Square is good to the last pipeful, burns cool and sweet to the last shred, leaving no wasteful dottle. Get an ounce of your favourite blend and see for yourself: only when you've tried tobacco as Four Square make it—whether a straight virginia, a mixture, a curly cut or navy cut—will you know how much real pleasure your pipe can give you!



**FOUR SQUARE**

VACUUM PACKED TOBACCOS by *Dobie of Paisley*

**MIXTURES**

Original Mixture (Blue) 4/5½d oz  
Empire-de-luxe Mixture (Green) 4/1½d oz

**MATURED VIRGINIA**

Original, broken flake (Red) 4/5½d oz  
Ready Rubbed Fine Cut (Red) 4/5½d oz  
CUT CAKE (Yellow) 4/1½d oz  
RIPE BROWN NAVY CUT (Brown) 4/1½d oz  
CURLIES cut in discs (Purple) 4/1½d oz

Wherever you go...insist on

**Art Dessert**  
CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

**Kunzle Quality**

C. Kunzle Ltd., Birmingham, England



**This'll revive you**

says **OLD HETHERS**

Feeling a bit warm, Sir? Sit you down and I'll mix you a nice long glass of Robinson's Barley Water. Nothing like it to shift a stubborn thirst. It's got that little extra something—it's made with Robinson's 'patent' Barley. Which do you prefer, Sir, the Orange or Lemon kind?



There's a  
HARVEST of HEALTH  
in Barley Water

**Robinson's**

Lemon or Orange  
**BARLEY WATER**

**Darling, I have a  
confession to make...**



Ah! Erring wife's appeal to long suffering husband! Jury in tears! What's up dear? Bought another ridiculous hat?

Don't be silly. No... I've ruined the dinner.

Come woman. This is no time for idle jest...

It's no joke George... there's no Marmite left to make the gravy.

What! Gravy without Marmite! You

might as well brew beer without hops. How did we come to run out?

It's your fault really. Since you told young Peter that Marmite is made from yeast and that yeast provides the B<sub>12</sub> Vitamins he's had the jar on the table at almost every meal.

Good boy! He'll go a long way. But let him take a short run down to the grocers to-morrow—for another jar of Marmite.



Concentrated extract of yeast, flavoured with vegetables and spices—that's Marmite. Use it in soups and gravy; spread it on toast, add it as an extra to sandwiches or mix a spoonful with hot milk as a bed-time drink. Tastes good all ways—does you good anyway—that's

**Marmite**

1 oz. 9d., 2 oz. 1/4, 4 oz. 1/4, 8 oz. 4/-, 16 oz. 7/-



## The World's Best Night-cup



FOR countless thousands of men and women the world over, delicious 'Ovaltine' is the regular 'good-night' beverage. Its warm, soothing nourishment helps to impart that feeling of relaxation and composure which is the prelude to natural, restful sleep of the best kind.

And while you sleep, 'Ovaltine' assists Nature's work in preparing you to face another day with cheerfulness and confidence.

Remember... 'Ovaltine' differs from other food beverages. That is why 'Ovaltine' results are obtained only with 'Ovaltine'.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6



Make  
**OVALTINE**  
Your  
**Bed-time Beverage**

## How many women know

... that Hovis contains the heart of the wheat? This is the vital reason why

Hovis keeps your strength up  
— the natural way.



**Hovis gives you**  
**THE HEART OF THE WHEAT**



## Flying Holidays

on currency of

**£25**

Two people flying Air France, with no extras, no tips, and wonderful free meals and drinks, can enjoy up to 14 days abroad on their combined £50 currency allowance. Fares are paid in this country and do not come from the allowance.

### Flights to

PARIS · NICE · CORSICA  
DINARD · DEAUVILLE  
LA BAULE · MAJORCA  
BARCELONA · MADRID  
ITALY · SWITZERLAND  
AUSTRIA · U.S.A. · ASIA  
AFRICA · AUSTRALIA

Send for this  
fascinating  
free book  
"FLYING  
HOLIDAYS"



Your Travel Agent will give you the best advice

**AIR FRANCE**

The 4-Engine Service

LONDON: 52, 54 HAYMARKET, S.W.1. WH. 4435 · GLASGOW: 33 RENFIELD ST. CEN. 8054/5  
MANCHESTER: ST. PETER'S SQ. CEN. 8071/2 · BIRMINGHAM: CIVIC CENTRE. PHO. 5991



# Travellers Joy!

## The *Gad-About*

A full size iron which plugs in anywhere. Indispensable to the clothes-conscious and a boon where there are children. No packing problem, the Gad-About folds flat in its own case, weighs only 2½ lbs.

PRICE 49/6

**FALKS**  
*Gad-About*  
ELECTRIC TRAVELLING  
IRON

any voltage  
—anywhere



Obtainable from  
usual electrical  
suppliers

FALKS U. DEPT., 91 FARRINGDON ROAD, E.C.1.  
WEST END SHOWROOMS, 20 MOUNT STREET, PARK LANE, W.1.

# Lucozade

the sparkling

**GLUCOSE**

drink



## Refreshes and Sustains

Sparkling Lucozade contains Glucose, that great energiser and sustainer. It is assimilated at once, calming 'edgy' nerves and gently replacing lost vitality. There are moments when we all need this delicious glucose drink—a drink that everyone enjoys. 2/6 plus 3d. bottle deposit (returnable).

LUCOZADE LTD., GREAT WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.

reps 50/C

# The Reward of Patience



The heavy overseas demand for BENDIX and the necessity of maintaining our exports in the country's interest have resulted in fewer machines for the home market.



You may have to wait a few months for delivery but remember that once you own a BENDIX, workless washdays become a reality.

IT REALLY IS  
WORTH WAITING  
FOR!

Full particulars from  
**BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES LTD.**  
(Dept. E.), Albion Works, Kingsbury Road, Birmingham 24

# Preservation—WITHOUT REFRIGERATION

THE  
**"KEPKOLD"** ★ does NOT  
PATENT NO 519607



"THE PANTRY"

Finished Cream Stone Enamel. Price  
£19. 15. 0. cash. P.T. Carriage Paid to all  
parts of U.K.

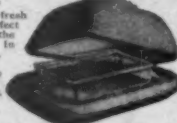
electricity, gas,  
chemicals or ice

The KEPKOLD is simple—but extremely efficient—it is operated solely by water (about one pint per day). There are no upkeep costs and nothing to get out of order. Thousands of housewives appreciate the simple efficiency of this method of food preservation—you really should enquire about it. KEPKOLD is portable and can be used in Home, Caravan, Yacht or Tent.

## Temperature going UP! KEPKOLD

### Butter Cooler

keeps butter fresh and in perfect condition on the hottest day. In Stone, Ceram, Green & Blue. Please state alternative colour. Price 6/3 plus 5/0 postage.



Write to-day, don't put it off, for illustrated folder giving full particulars of all "Kepkold" models and Kepkold Butter Cooler, it will amply repay you.

**KEPKOLD LTD.**

(Dept. 44)

23, CARNABY STREET, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. (GERard 8514)

★ **KEPKOLD LTD.** are the originators of the evaporation method of keeping food fresh.

*Y*OUR ROYAL VENTON FIREPLACE is like a champion . . . . it blends harmoniously with the colour scheme of your home and yet, change the colour schemes as you will, the harmony is still maintained and the subtle beauty of your Royal Venton will shine in its new setting.



*Royal Venton*

FIREPLACES

JOHN STEVENTON & SONS, BURSLEM, STOKE-ON-TRENT, STAFFS.  
Phone: Stoke-on-Trent 84261/62. Grams: Steventon, Burslem, and at Cheshire, Phone: Middleswich 151



Sheets  
Pillowcases  
Towels

**Horrockses**  
*the Greatest Name in Cotton*

HOUSES OF QUALITY



BLEMISH PALACE. Seat of the Duke of Marlborough  
& Birthplace of Mr. Winston Churchill.

*The House of*  
**COALPORT**

1750-1952

THE FINEST BONE CHINA

COALPORT CHINA LIMITED, STOKE-UPON-TRENT.

L 5091

# RADIO RECORDS EVERYTHING MUSICAL

THAT  
TELEVISION SET  
YOU KEEP  
DREAMING ABOUT



REALIZE THAT DREAM NOW

and of course

**YOU** want Best Seats  
**WE** have them

for all entertainments

## KEITH PROWSE

& CO. LTD.

159 NEW BOND ST., W.1  
and branches everywhere  
REGENT 6000 (CIN LINDS)

The Largest Theatre Ticket Dealers  
in the World



FOR COMFORT...  
'Celanese' Fabric feels fine  
made up into Underwear for  
men. So light and free and  
comfortable. And it's won-  
derfully hard-wearing too.  
In ivory and blue, each in  
four sizes. From most good  
outfitters.

Underwear in

**'Celanese'**  
FABRIC

UNDERWEAR • SPORTS SHIRTS • TIES



A Philip Morris cigarette is a mild, cool  
smoke with a delightfully different flavour  
— just try a packet—you may prefer them

Twenty for 3/9



Call for

## PHILIP MORRIS

FOR MORE SMOKING PLEASURE



# Cricketers' Toast ...

## PINN'S No.1



We drink a toast  
In our No. 1's  
To the man who scored  
A hundred runs.

We toast the man  
With a deadly spin—  
Then we toast the Cup  
That we toast them in!

**PINN'S No.1** THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH

Good shoes deserve  
good treatment...

## Meltonian

SHOE CREAMS  
& DRESSINGS



for footwear in all walks of life



**Only  
the best  
can 'cover'  
Len Hutton**



Len Hutton  
making one of his  
famous off drives  
through the covers.

"PROTECTION AGAINST ALL WEATHER  
CONDITIONS is of first importance to a  
professional cricketer," says Len ...  
"and I've proved by experience  
that a Robert Hirst Raincoat  
does just that."



Above, Len is wearing the 'Regent'  
Model, left is the 'West Point'  
and below the 'Oxford'.



In addition to the models illustrated,  
there are many more Robert Hirst styles  
of up-to-date design all expertly tailored  
from gabardine you can rely on—it's  
made in our own Yorkshire Mill.  
The range includes reasonably priced  
weather coats for all members of the  
family. Write today for the address  
of your nearest stockist.



**Robert Hirst**

**Tailored  
Weather Coats**

From 4j to 11 guineas.  
Juveniles from £3.19.6.

ROBERT HIRST & CO., LTD., Hammerin House, Bradford, Yorks.  
also at 205, Regent Street, London, W.1.

adk/2048



# HUMBER PULLMAN LIMOUSINE

*Craftsman Built*

by

**THE ROOTES GROUP**

Men of affairs find in the Humber Pullman Limousine

—with its 8-seater roominess and exceptional comfort, its grace and dignity, and its powerful performance—all the motoring qualities their position in life demands.

And, for the owner who on occasions prefers to drive himself, there is the Imperial Saloon, without dividing partition.



To safeguard the fine qualities of your Humber Pullman, utilise the specialised service that only your Humber Dealer is equipped to provide.

- FACTORY TRAINED MECHANICS
- SPECIALISED TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT
- MANUFACTURERS' GENUINE PARTS
- GUARANTEED FACTORY REBUILT UNITS

*Craftsman Serviced*  
by your Humber dealer



*By Appointment to the late King George VI.  
Motor Car Manufacturers Humber Limited*

## HUMBER



The Eagle is distinguished by the Silver Ring

THE

Eagle

*The sudden thundering beat of mighty wings... a confusion of spray and rushing air... and a silver salmon soars skyward in the relentless clutch of the proud and predatory Sea Eagle. Now extinct as a breeding species in this country the magnificent Sea-Eagle — largest and strongest of the Eagle clan — may be glimpsed only on its occasional migratory trips from the Continent. Then, perhaps, in the remotest reaches of the Western Isles, a silent wheeling shadow or a harsh piercing cry will proclaim the powerful presence.*

**O**N the road, as in the air, the Eagle is unchallenged. The Goodyear Eagle, mighty in strength and endurance, incomparable in appearance, is without doubt the tyre-building achievement of the age. Every technical advance of recent years is featured in this outstanding tyre. Deeper, tougher tread rubber provides impressive extra mileage. New improved All-Weather Tread design resists every direction of skid, gives quicker, safer stops. Wider, flatter tread area gives bigger grip, slower wear. The handsome reinforced sidewalls protect the tyre body from kerb damage and make cornering steadier than ever before.

The Eagle Tyre by Goodyear, the ultimate in car tyre quality, is the greatest car tyre value ever offered to the motoring world.

THE GOODYEAR TYRE & RUBBER CO. (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD. WOLVERHAMPTON

**H**appily chosen, wallpapers and fabrics are  
the making of a successful furnishing scheme . . . . .

At Sandersons you can choose them together.



**SANDERSON**

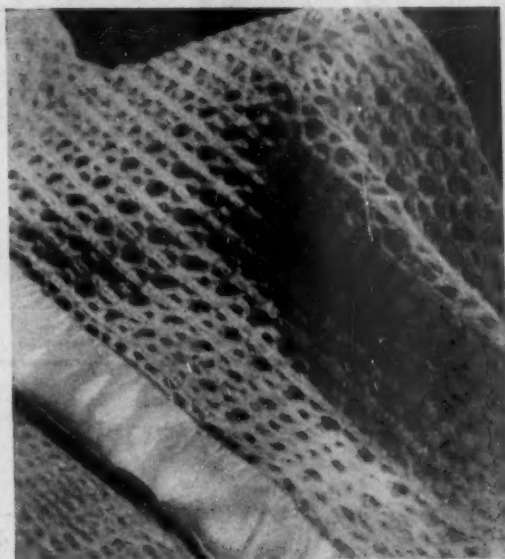
**WALLPAPERS and FABRICS**

ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS LIMITED

52-53 BERNERS STREET · LONDON · W1 · 6-7 NEWTON TERRACE · GLASGOW · C3

*Their featherlight luxury is a  
Midsummer Night's Dream come true..*

*Their genial warmth  
a Winter's Tale of sheer delight*



Nowhere in the wide, wide world can you find blankets to match the winter-sung, summer-light comfort of LAN-AIR-CEL! Their healthful luxury graces the de-luxe cabins of the QUEEN MARY, the QUEEN ELIZABETH and the CARONIA. They keep B.O.A.C. passengers in cool comfort on tropic nights, warm as toast in northern climes. Woven from the purest Scotch wool in lovely pastel shades, and cream, LAN-AIR-CEL are guaranteed for ten years, and their loveliness will outlast your lifetime to become a treasured heirloom. See them for yourself, at any good store!

By Appointment to the late King George VI



Manufacturers of Lan-Air-Cel Blankets

**LAN-AIR-CEL**

THE ORIGINAL CELLULAR BLANKETS

Guaranteed for 10 years

McCALLUM AND CRAIG LTD, SHEFFLETON, GLASGOW S.3



**Glad morning—  
glad waking!**

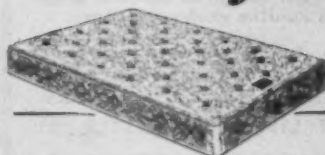
You wake happy when you wake from deep, dreamless Slumberland sleep.

There's such comfort in the Slumberlands of today. Ortho-flex springing gives these new non-utility mattresses even deeper resilience; it responds instantly to your every change of position. All night long, however you lie, Slumberland cradles you naturally.

**There's a lifetime of better sleep in a**

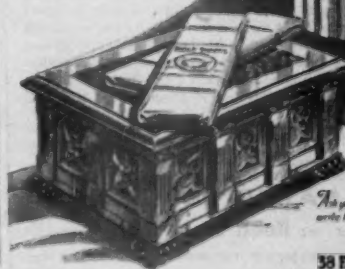
**Slumberland**

Look for the label,  
It is your five year guarantee



*Treasured Quality*

**Rigg's**  
SHEETS



1836-1952

Ask your retailer for Rigg's Sheets. If any difficulty  
write for name of retailer to the manufacturers.

**RIGG BROS LTD.**

38 FAULKNER ST MANCHESTER 1



# O for a Mullsifyre



that would ascend  
The brightest heaven  
of invention  
And quench all Fires  
of Oile with H<sub>2</sub>O

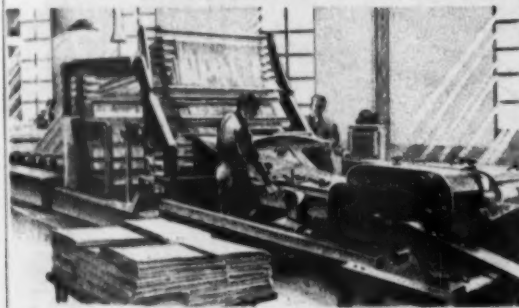
He that useth much Oile in the way of Busines and bath not Mullsifyre is an ill husband of Property. A new kindled Fire subsides sprinkled with a little Water. *Saith Ovidius Nais: Flamma recens parva sparsa reficit Aqua.* Which thing, though not before thought of with Oile, yet it is achieved by Mullsifyre. Bombarding the burning Oile with Water through an ingenious device it engenders an Emulsion which will not burn.

## The MULSIFYRE

SYSTEM OF EXTINGUISHING OIL FIRES WITH WATER ONLY

MATHER & PLATT LTD. MANCHESTER. 10

## THE NEW KRAFTSMANSHIP



**T**ECHNICAL MASTERY, control of machines—that is the new craftsmanship. And nowhere is it better seen than at the Aylesford mills of the Reed Paper Group, where Europe's greatest output of Kraft paper is made into Medway multi-wall sacks by expert modern craftsmen. Theirs, in the main, is the credit for this important packaging advance. It was developed by Medway Paper Sacks against the highly mechanised background of one of the world's largest paper-making organisations. But it is none the less a tribute to the human skills which here gain ever wider powers through the technical resources they command.

Medway Paper Sacks manufacture every type of multi-wall sack —sewn, pasted and stapled, valved and open-ended—including the Medway Sealdown. Please write for details of Medway sack filling and closing machines and free packaging advisory service.

**MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD**

DIVISION OF THE Reed PAPER GROUP

LARKFIELD, NE. MAIDSTONE, KENT. TELEPHONE MAIDSTONE 7243

**SELF-WOUND BY**

Look for this symbol on the dial.

Lady's Watch  
Case £6.0.0  
Waterproof Case  
£10.15.0

Men's Watch  
Waterproof Case  
£10.15.0

**THE NATURAL MOVEMENT OF THE WRIST**

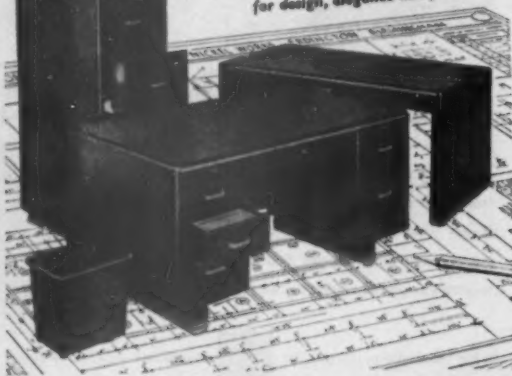
Available from all high-class watchmakers.

## ETERNA-MATIC Self-winding WATCHES

Sole Distributors for Great Britain and Northern Ireland (Wholesale only)  
ROBERT FRONDEL & SONS (Lenses Dept.), 36-42, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

## DESIGNED AS A SUITE

Steel for strength, plus  
Constructors Craftsmanship  
for design, elegance and finish



This suite, characterised by the pleasing symmetry of its lines, is designed for the use of those who look for distinction in their equipment—and are in a position to demand it. Parts supplied separately if desired. Please write for catalogue P.760 for full description.

## CONSTRUCTORS

Steel, Trade Mark

STEEL EQUIPMENT FOR OFFICE AND FACTORY

Based by Constructors Group, Tyburn Rd., Birmingham 24. Tel. ERDington 1616.  
London Office: 98 Park Lane, W.1. Tel. GROsvenor 5656 MAYfair 3074.  
Also in Manchester and Leeds.





Since honesty is the best policy

Accles & Pollock have decided to come clean  
through the letter box

at Oldbury the other day came a shout for help from a harel  
manufacturer it seems some people in hotels take things far too easily just  
as they find them there and then the proprietor finds himself short and longs  
for a better method of making his mark on his best guests

tweels and pummels the poor manufacturer who turns  
to Accles & Pollock for new type stainless steel  
tubular needles to sew the whole thing up  
good and proper in  
letters big and bold





— from that day  
to this, I have never  
been able to accustom  
myself to any other tobacco

*"I first came across your Tobacco about a year ago, when I was travelling . . . I had run short of my then favourite brand, which shall be nameless, and, on enquiring in the smoking room bar was told that there was none to be had . . . Looking through their supply of tobaccos, I chose a tin of Barneys, and from that day to this, I have never been able to accustom myself to any other tobacco."*

## Barneys

the Ideal Tobacco

All original letters can be inspected at, and further enquiries addressed to, The Barneys Sales Bureau,  
24 Holborn, London, E.C.1.

In your quest for a tobacco of abiding joy, you are asked to give trial to Barneys—which has won so many friends from the commendations of older smokers. Smokers abroad can arrange for personal dispatches, Ex-bond and British Duty-free, in 2lb. parcels, to many lands, but not, as yet, to all.

(326)

★ Punchbowl (full), Barneys (medium), and  
Parsons Pleasure (mild), 4/5 the oz. each.



John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle upon Tyne, Eng.



Here's a suit of carefree elegance that looks equally at home in town or country. Single-breasted, three-piece, impeccably tailored in all-wool West of England Saxony, it's available in a wide range of patterns and sizes. At Harrods Man's Shop you'll find many suits of comparable quality in a splendid selection of styles and materials.

**Harrods**  
MAN'S SHOP

HARRODS LTD

SLCane 1234

KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

VOLUME CXXXIII

# SUMMER NUMBER 1952



*"Look—there's someone in it ! ! ! !"*





## SUMMER FOR EVER

THE ball goes clean from the bat, or the car takes  
hold of the water,  
Or the punt slides into the lock to the muted thunder  
of the weir,  
Or a thirst got in the sun is brought to the shadow of  
the tap-room  
And drowned in a tankard of beer;

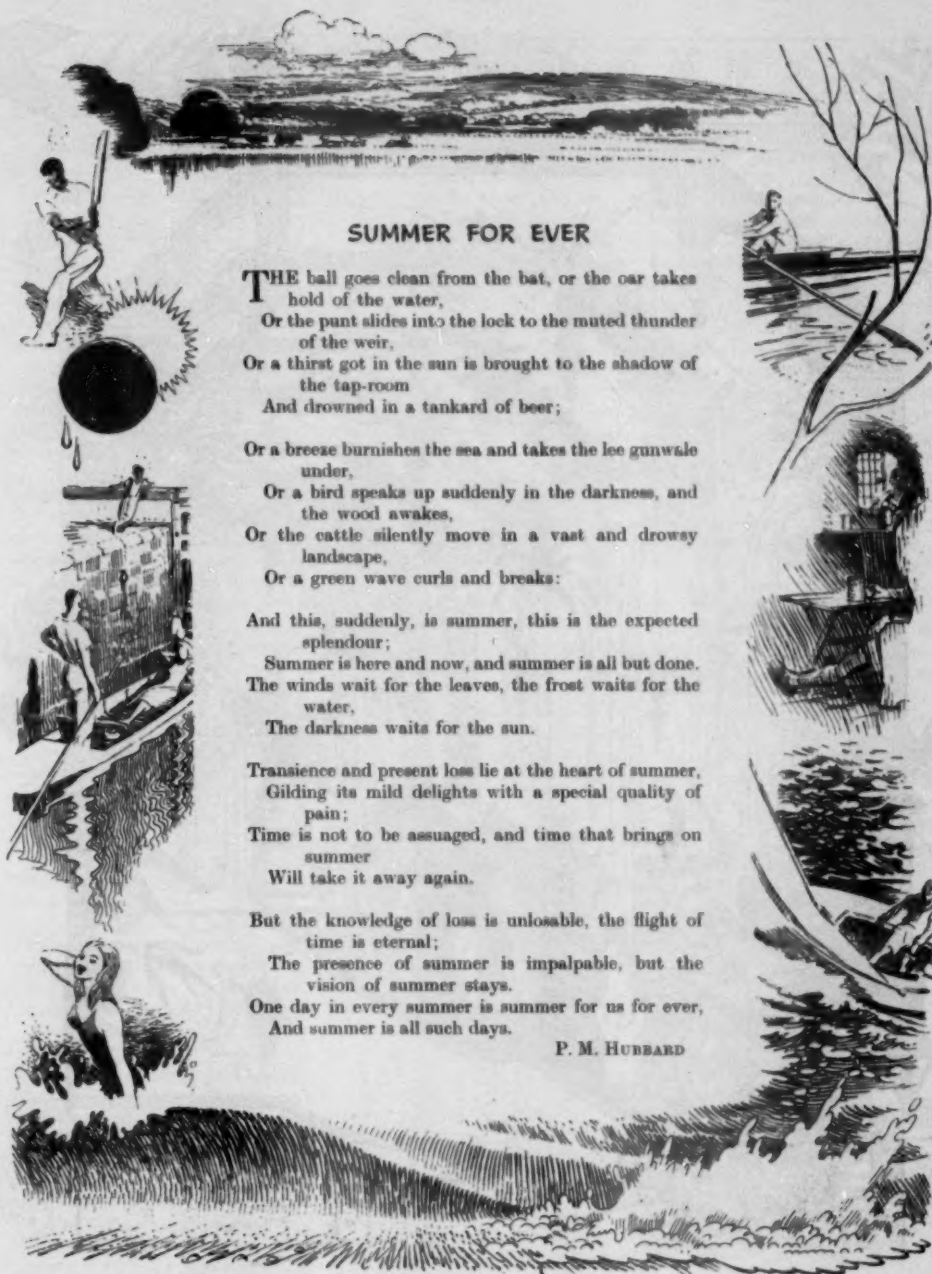
Or a breeze burnishes the sea and takes the lee gunwale  
under,  
Or a bird speaks up suddenly in the darkness, and  
the wood awakes,  
Or the cattle silently move in a vast and drowsy  
landscape,  
Or a green wave curls and breaks:

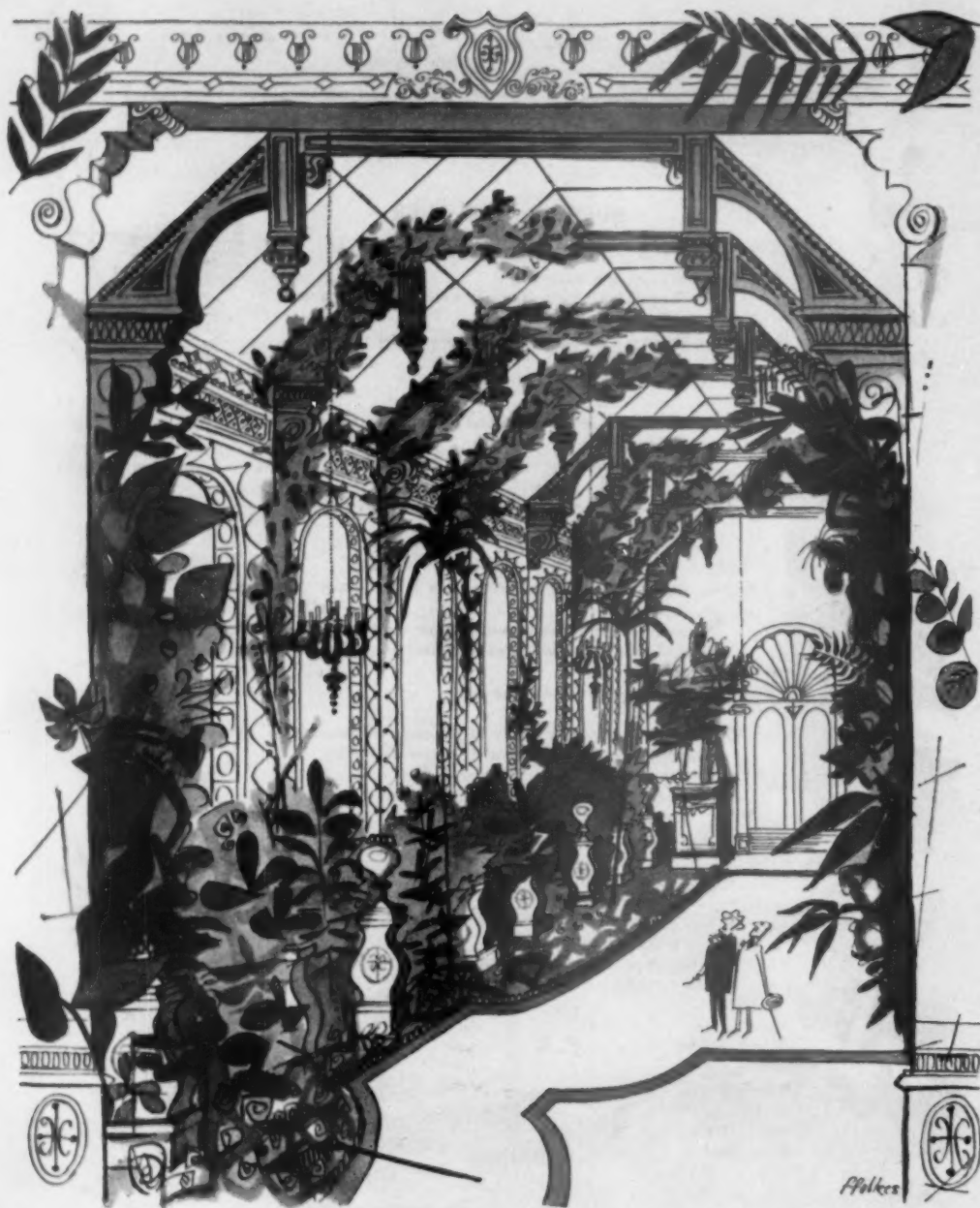
And this, suddenly, is summer, this is the expected  
splendour;  
Summer is here and now, and summer is all but done.  
The winds wait for the leaves, the frost waits for the  
water,  
The darkness waits for the sun.

Transience and present loss lie at the heart of summer,  
Gilding its mild delights with a special quality of  
pain;  
Time is not to be assuaged, and time that brings on  
summer  
Will take it away again.

But the knowledge of loss is unlosable, the flight of  
time is eternal;  
The presence of summer is impalpable, but the  
vision of summer stays.  
One day in every summer is summer for us for ever,  
And summer is all such days.

P. M. HUBBARD





*"Of course you should really see it when the flowers aren't out."*

## MY WIFE AND HARD TIMES

"LISTEN!" said my popsie, after a silence. "What do you think of the contemporary scene?"

My mouth fell open and I stood there like a mechanical shovel. "Ballet, theatre or Canasta?" I asked cautiously.

"You've been lecturing me for ages about the things you understand," said my popsie. "It says in this magazine that I should, like my husband, take an interest in the contemporary scene. I never see you reading a newspaper, and it occurs to me that you know nothing about the contemporary scene. If this is true it will be a comfort to me."

"In a word," I said, beginning calmly, "the contemporary scene can be described as metempirical. From a distance it can be quite attractive, like a blizzard or an elephant. It is when one becomes involved in the contemporary scene that the racket begins. One is likely to find oneself carrying heavy, secret parcels around the foothills of Baluchistan or being questioned under blinding lights by portly gentlemen. But even from a distance it can incite pandemonium, television-fixation and a determination to read every available Government publication."

"It doesn't say anything like that here," said my popsie. "Tell me about the contemporary scene."

"I will do what I can," I said, "although I have not the same statistical interest in the matter as has Mr. J. Gunther. I last looked at a newspaper in mid-1950, and at that time it seemed to me that the Allies would probably send for me again to straighten out several situations for them, travel and expenses paid. There was then an acute shortage of bacon, good behaviour and Uranium 235. Later some uranium was found in Wales, some good behaviour was said to exist in Scotland, and a pig was seen travelling, third class, near Kilmarnock. Two hundred novelists and generals had just written books

about the terrors of war and women in Europe. Although flatly contradicting each other, all of them were pronounced significant. A man was so agitated by the political situation that he worked two hours overtime. At once forty-eight thousand people stayed on strike until the man went to America. A letter posted in Swinehead in 1904 was finally delivered in Boston, England. There was no civil answer to it. A train arrived in Newcastle-on-Tyne at the advertised time. Apologizing for the incident, the driver said that he had confused British Summer with Greenwich Mean Time. Nobody, except one man, was satisfied with anything. He confessed to a psychologist that he was suffering from the extraordinary habit of being fond of his wife and children. He is still under observation. Several people still had the outrageous nerve to be happy. In fact, one wrote some articles for a newspaper about the secret of happiness. (It is porridge.) At the time it occurred to me that the secret of happiness must be to try children's newspapers, but when I read one I developed palpitations of the heart."

"It doesn't say anything about that either," said my popsie. "You're just picking out the exceptional problems. I am concerned with the day-to-day scene. Listen to these questions and see if you are, so to speak, contemporaneous. If you are young and frail, or, for that matter, old and irritable, how do you cope with the need for obtaining the necessities of life, namely, the groceries?"

"What you really mean," I said, "is how would you avoid queues. The question is easily answered. You drift vaguely into the grocery shop with a falling-in-love-again look on your face. If you are questioned by the irate queue—such is the state of national courtesy that you may not be—you allow your vision to focus slowly so that in about twelve seconds you become aware of the queue. You then address the queue very gently: 'Has anyone seen a small white Pekinese? White with two divine brown patches.' Nobody will answer, or answer relevantly, and you can drift tactfully out of the shop, calling 'Eustace! Eustace! Darling, where are you?'"

"Hopelessly wrong," said my



popais. "You spend several dreary days at the Food Office arranging priorities, or, if rich, live in an hotel. Next question: If you are a penniless housewife, quietly starving to death on cuds' roes and macaroni, how can you arrange for a nice hot lunch each day?"

"You take nerve tablets for a while," I said. "Then you walk very confidently into a restaurant and say 'Is the manager in?' When this person appears you say 'I am from the Ministry of Food,' or, if someone is frying chips, 'I am from the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.' This should ensure a good free lunch, how good and how free depending upon how badly you have frightened him. Alternatively

you may say 'I'm Rebecca Crankshaft and I'm hoping to recommend your cuisine in *The Onlooker*.'"

"Those are good ideas," said my popsie, "but they're criminal. Furthermore," she added, with feminine practicality, "there are only seven hundred restaurants in this city, and after two years you would have had it."

"Personally," I said, "I shall be more than satisfied if this city is still contemporaneous in two years. Are there any difficult questions?"

"Yes," said my people. "You are at the theatre with your husband and the works party, and you wish to ensure his promotion. What do you say and to whom do you say it?"

"Among the *cognoscenti*," I said, "it is a recognized form of arrival to come in very late and say loudly 'Darling, how perfectly sweet: they've translated it into English.' This will go down very well, especially if the play is by J. B. Priestley, and it may be the only bright moment in a very exhausting evening."

"You underestimate people," said my popsie. "According to this magazine a gentle squeeze of the hand and a whisper of 'One thing about Sartre: he's willing to make a fool of himself,' sets anybody at ease and proves the presence of culture. Now, about behaviour on buses . . ."

"I've made a study of that," I said. "It depends upon whether you're sitting on the inside or outside position of the seat. If you are by the window you must *slope* from the window downwards. This ensures utter discomfort for the other passenger. If you *are* the other passenger you have to bide your time, sitting on the left-hand side of the bus. Sooner or later the other passenger will, unless he's left-handed, put his right hand into his pocket for the fare or start to wrap *The Times* round his neck. This is your moment, and you jab your left elbow well back so that his right arm cannot be returned to its position of comfort. This does not mean that you are comfortable, but makes sure that he isn't. If you have to stand, the old dodge of fainting, groping or sudden illness usually undermines the goodwill of some schoolboy who has not yet been to college . . . A problem which has always interested me is: how do you get seventy passengers into a bus meant for fifty, and having done this, how do you circulate a forty-eight-hp conductress among these passengers?"

"I don't know," said my popsie, "and I don't think it's *your* problem anyway. You're not doing very well at this quiz. In fact, it seems clear that you should be in a prison or a zoo."

"You worry too much," I said. "You should leave the contemporary scene to those who understand it. That's what I do."





# WHAT'S WRONG WITH BRITISH SPORT?

*Figure*



*Why do our—*



*Olympic runners—*



*go on practising—*



*starts—*



*and—*



*starts—*



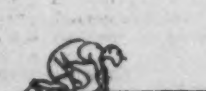
*and—*



*starts—*



*and—*



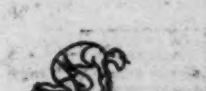
*starts—*



*and—*



*starts—*



*and—*



*starts—*



*and—*



*starts—*



*and—*



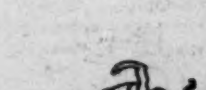
*starts—*



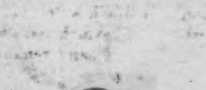
*when it's—*



*perfectly plain—*



*to anyone—*



*that it's the—*



*other end of the race that's the difficult part.*

## NON-ART FOR THE MILLION

or How to Make the Most of Your Lack of Talent

### BLACK FOR BEGINNERS

I BELIEVE I can help you to make quite a cosy little income from drawing *without your having to be able to draw*. The kind of drawing I have in mind is the black-and-white kind that goes over, contains, or—in poor Aunt Carrie's case—conceals, a joke. With an increasing number of contemporary jokes the drawing part is on a *non-art* basis, e.g. a placard saying "TOP FLOOR: IRONMONGERY—HABERDASHERY—ARTIFICIAL LAMBS AND A FREE VIEW INTO THE OVAL." To produce this the draughtsman requires no previous training in anything other than writing, ruling lines and knowing where to go for his jokes.

Non-artists are of course restricted to the kind of joke which goes with the kind of picture they can manage. One picture that every non-artist ought to be able to manage is the All-black Rectangle.

Cut out a rectangular piece of paper somewhat smaller than a postcard and submerge it in a prepared saucer containing Indian ink. Remove it and when dry uncurl it carefully, cover the less successful side with a reliable mucilage and clamp it on to a postcard, leaving a nice bit of border all round but especially at the bottom where your signature should be added, boldly, together with a joke.

Here is how the rectangle should look shortly after being stuck on:



Darkness pictures (except in America, where they have to do with courting and begin with statements like "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Weinberger!") are usually concerned with the inconvenience of not being able to see something rather important as in "Nobody but Basil would think of bringing home a boa-constrictor during a power-cut," or "But I came all this way on the strict understanding that there was *always* moonlight on the Taj Mahal." Power-cuts have of course been a wonderful boon to non-artists, many of whom had been badly hit by the cessation of the black-out and were having to fall back on ordinary blown fuses.

### WILL YOU HAVE THICK OR CLEAR?

More limited in its range, and therefore less often seen, is the All-grey Rectangle shown here as it might appear in its final form. The "All-grey" can be run

up in much the same way as the "All-black," only you want to put water with it:



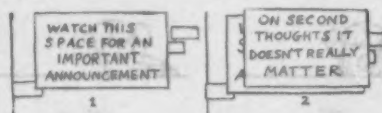
"Yes, Mr. Clatsworthy certainly seems to have got the hang of his mecrachum at last."

Even simpler, and especially recommended for the beginner who is none too confident with ink, is the all-blank picture:

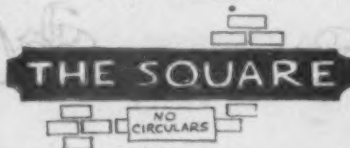
"That looks surprisingly like the air-pocket that played us up so on the way home from Alex, Alex."

### SOME LAUGHABLE LETTERING

We now pass from featureless pictures to something with a bit more bite to it, the Humorously-worded Notice. This, as I have already indicated, demands only a working knowledge of block letters and the ability to include, for greater realism, an occasional half-brick:



For those who enjoy something a shade more fancy and don't mind if it turns out not to have been worth while after all, there are studies of this nature:



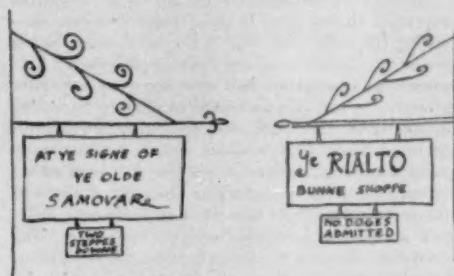
And here is a happily-conceived little composition made up of familiar every-day objects:



As a useful exercise, stare at this picture for about

thirty seconds, then cover it up and see if you can do it yourself. Not so easy, eh? That hydrant sign of yours looks like twisted wreckage.

Jokes ranging from quiet fun to high comedy at the expense of shops, restaurants and inns can be achieved easily enough by means of the Humorous Hanging Sign, which surmounts the well-known difficulty of having to draw architecture from in front. Designs like those that follow can be used *ad infinitum*, but don't get so wrapped up in your wrought-iron work that you forget to vary the joke a little each time.



(The squirrels shown here belong more properly to semi-art and are not really necessary.)

Genuine artists, often borrowing freely from old holiday sketches, will include any amount of half-timbering, dog-tooth moulding and fancy perspective with their Hanging Signs, but while they are at it you can be dashing off dozens of non-art versions provoking every bit as much mirth.

#### THE SANS SOUCI SCHOOL

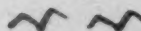
In the same category is that ever green provider of innocuous merriment, the Suburban Gate. Here is



a brief non-art fragment suitable for immediate use, and, on the right, an example of the gate in action.

#### FAT WASPS AND FAR-AWAY SEAGULLS

For those who are not at their best with block letters or find straight lines on the soulless side there are several more animate objects which can be adapted to non-artistic treatment. A theme popular at the moment is that of two animals or insects, either discovered in the thick of some domestic contretemps or commenting wryly to one another on some glaring evidence of human folly. Non-art wasps which can, I imagine, be traced without much trouble out of reference books and shown on window panes, are especially well suited to quips about horizontal stripes not flattering the stout. Failing wasps, you cannot go far wrong with Greater Black-backed Gulls:



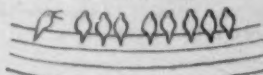
"And tell me, do they require these passaport things for coming home, too?"

You can always get variety out of Greater Black-backed Gulls by swapping them about, banking them in other directions, or turning them, as here, into Lesser Black-backed Gulls:



"They say that cuckoo woman is always willing to sit-in for a consideration."

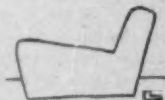
Fortunately, the fact that this kind of picture is rather lacking in something or other lends it a sort of fashionable *naïveté*. Also possessing a ready appeal are little birds on telegraph wires, provided you can restrain yourself from trying to put in the posts and the little pepper-casters where the wires join on:



"But this is fantastic! Do you mean to say not one of you knows what he's quizzing for?"

#### THE GENTLE NON-ART OF CONCEALMENT

A belief which seems to persist obstinately among untrained non-artists is that human beings can only be introduced into humorous pictures if they are heavily shaded down one side and shown either sipping aperitifs in front of Hepplewhite wall-cabinets or blotting their copy-books out with the Bicoster. This is no longer true. Thanks to the pioneer work of earlier non-artists, the *mise en scène* of many of to-day's best jokes consists of one or more pieces of angular non-art furniture often in process of being obtained through the hire-purchase system. As a first step students who are anxious to compete in this genre are advised to familiarize themselves with the outlines of the non-art armchair. Here is a popular and very serviceable specimen—note also the non-art pipe (smaller than the chair but otherwise very much the same) symbolizing domesticity:



Provided your chair is firmly planted in the foreground of your picture the public will realize in a flash, without your having to supply footnotes or four-storey cake-stands, that the action is taking place in the "lounge." Simply-framed non-art pictures, straightforward non-art standard lamps and opaque non-art waste-paper baskets can always be added to make bigger, better-paid pictures.

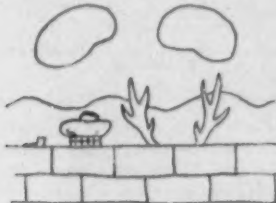
Artistic leanings can best be indicated by means of spots on the waste-paper basket and triangles (instead of smudges) in the pictures. Awkward gaps

can always be filled in with knotted non-art flax. The only snag about lamps, pictures and waste-paper baskets is that they are very little use for putting in front of parts of people that are difficult to draw. The non-art armchair seen here in the humorous head-on position is ideal for this purpose.



"If you wouldn't mind waiting in here, madam, the Bishop should be back at any moment."

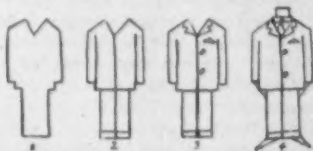
Non-art walls and fences can be utilized in the same manner for outdoor versions of the missing-bishop situation. In the quite meaningless example shown below I have also worked in the standard non-art horizon and two kidney potatoes.



For clarity's sake the top-knots in the above pictures have been drawn larger and with greater elaboration than could ever be attained in practice by the non-artist.

#### MASS-PRODUCING THE LITTLE MAN

Students, however, need not remain for longer than they wish in a state of having to keep the greater part of their characters behind barricades. The fully-exposed non-art Little Man, once mastered, is no harder to run off than the non-art standard lamp; which in some ways he so closely resembles. Through the persistence, in particular, of the North Circular Road Group of non-artists the public has long since become resigned to the spectacle of innumerable little men who look as if they had been sawn out of white cardboard. Here is a simple blueprint for arriving by easy stages at the front elevation of one of these:



Figs. 2 and 3 can be used independently for clothes-line and coat-hanger jokes.

#### DOTTING THE EYES

Faces can be made in uncountable ways, but luckily for you it is now generally appreciated that the more often you can use the same, or nearly the same, face the more people will know it next time and the more famous you will become. A reasonably individualistic but perfectly recognizable face can be obtained by using a "C" for the right ear, a backward "C" for the left ear, some more "C"s on their backs for the nose and hair and a clean sixpence for the outline of the face. Better stick to dots for eyes, and, having once chosen where they are to go, resist the temptation to put them in other places however side-splitting the result may be. A favourite place for the eyes is on a level with the tops of the ears. Ears themselves come about half-way down on the outer perimeter. Until you feel quite capable of launching out on your own face, use the specimen lay-out illustrated here. Most non-art objects automatically become humorous the moment a joke has been added to them, but it is customary in the case of faces to attempt to make them humorous in their own right. There are several accepted ways of doing this. The scheme here chosen is the Drooping Moustache method, which has the advantage of giving your little man an inscrutable all-purpose expression suitable for practically every situation. The drooping moustache



fits neatly under the nose like a slice of water-melon and dispenses with the need for a mouth.

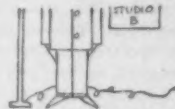
#### MAIN USES OF THE LITTLE MAN

I hope to deal at a later stage with the question of little men in secondary attitudes (including little men in frilly aprons trapped at the sink), but, until I have done that, non-art students who wish to show sideways or non-upright little men in their pictures must continue to make use of armchairs and stone walls.

Where jokes are concerned only with a specific area of little man, or where they are hardly strong enough to warrant the use of the complete figure, fading out from either end may be resorted to:



"There must have been at least two hundred other copies of the 'Daily Telegraph' in the kitchen drawer which would have served your purposes equally well, Penelope."



"Fog is expected to be very localized."

Normally, however, your little man will be shown standing stiffly in the "lounge." Even between one chair, one lamp, one waste-paper basket and one little man the interplay is almost endless. Here, for instance,



is one of the many formations you may have failed to take into account:



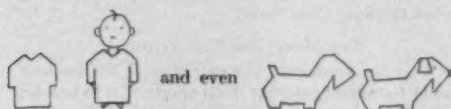
"Would you mind seeing if it says anything in the Encyclopaedia about deterioration, dear?"

### LITTLE WOMEN AND CHILDREN LAST

I am well aware that by introducing my non-art little man I am creating a demand for non-art little women and children, and so, with much mingiving, I append a simple pattern from which these may be obtained. The drooping moustache being only intermittently appropriate in this category a common hyphen has been used to represent the mouth.



For those who insist, there is also



It cannot be too strongly emphasized at this point that students are not now qualified to record day by day, through times grave and gay, the endearing adventures of Mum, Dad, Mavis, Percy and "the Menace." Apart from every other consideration there is far too much of that kind of thing about already.

### SOME DISTINGUISHED LITTLE MEN

When more than one little man, woman or child is required for a joke it may sometimes be necessary to use some simple method of distinguishing between them. With all such methods it is most important that your little person should retain as many as possible of those hall-marks by which the public is able to tell him or her from other people's little people. One of the easiest outdoor methods is the one often incorrectly referred to as "Allsopp's Hat-Discriminating System." It has been used here in conjunction with a straightforward sandwich-man set-up, which incidentally illustrates at the same time the extremely high concealment-value of the oncoming sandwich-board.

To obtain the maximum payment for this joke the little men should be drawn several times over, being kept apart for as long as possible and only brought together for the grand finale when all other possible combinations have been exhausted.



A handy way to discriminate between little men indoors, and one which avoids tampering with either the features or the circumference of the face, is to use darkened or variegated versions of the drooping moustache. When appropriate, hair can be inked in or deleted and non-art spectacles added, to obtain still further variation.

A few of the possible permutations for faces treated in this manner are shown herewith. For the



complete list see the present writer's "The Drooping Moustache as a Stabilizing Factor in Power Politics," Pinhorn and Brazier; first published 1932.

### CROSSING THE TEETH

Ring changes on the drooping moustache is not, however, recommended as a permanent expedient. Pictures exclusively filled with drooping moustaches have been found, in practice, to produce a dispiriting effect on the public, apart from the incongruity of such adornments on characters who have not yet attained full little-manhood. The non-artist who proposes to make a habit of drawing little men in bulk should learn, first, to draw little men with different expressions and, second, little men with different professions. The main obligatory non-art expressions for little men, women and children are as follows.



Figs. 1 to 4 should be thoroughly mastered before going on to fig. 5, in which normal eyebrows (like "C"s on their fronts) are introduced, and fig. 6 which involves the use of Greater Black-backed eyebrows and

caterpillar-track-type teeth. Eyes, noses, hair and circumference remain constant throughout.

#### THE LITTLE FOUR

The four professional non-art faces given below with a list of the main professions represented by each are the maximum needed by non-artists. The drooping moustache, if not already in use, can always replace the jaunty moustache (Fig. 2) in cases where the latter would plainly be striking the wrong note or prove to be beyond the powers of the non-artist.



Man of the World, Waiter, Gangster, Film Actor, etc.



Retired Colonel, Farm Labourer, etc. Alderman, etc.



Frenchman, Conductor, Lady, etc.



American, Clergyman, Bearded Master Criminal etc.

There is no need to bother your heads about little women and children in different walks of life, with the possible exception noted in Fig. 3 above. Nor should any effort be made, except under the guidance of a qualified non-art master, to combine the expressions with the professions. You need only attempt a rough sketch of an enraged alderman to discover why.

#### A TREASURY OF NON-ART

Students should note that they now have a wide choice of non-art subject-matter, enabling many of the more advanced types of drawing to be successfully blended with some of the more elementary:



"And this is my husband's little den." (Traditional Old English Folk-joke)

And here is a more elaborate picture of a kind that enterprising students may care to tackle. The framed text (with deliberately small writing) is inserted to make it impossible for the editor to reduce the picture beyond a certain point:



At a recent lecture given by the author the above sketch was drawn on the blackboard, and members of

the audience were invited to try their hand at suggesting appropriate captions. The first suggestion, coming from a man prominent in public life, was: "Short-sighted Civil Defence Instructor (directing stirrup-pump team in friend's house). 'Now then, Number 2, there's no need to stand all that rigidly to attention' (Prompt collapse of team, except Number 2 who remains unmoved)." Although the ingenuity of this suggestion was freely admitted, the audience as a whole was not entirely satisfied. There was a general feeling that five was not the correct number for a stirrup-pump team, and several people loudly voiced the opinion that somebody ought to be holding a pump. After some discussion the joke which finally proved acceptable to the majority of those present was: "This is our little staff, Sir William; Hotchkiss, second from left, is our illusionist." Quite a number, however, preferred "shining light" to "illusionist." I wonder if any of you can think of anything better still!

#### FOR THE NON-ART CONNOISSEUR

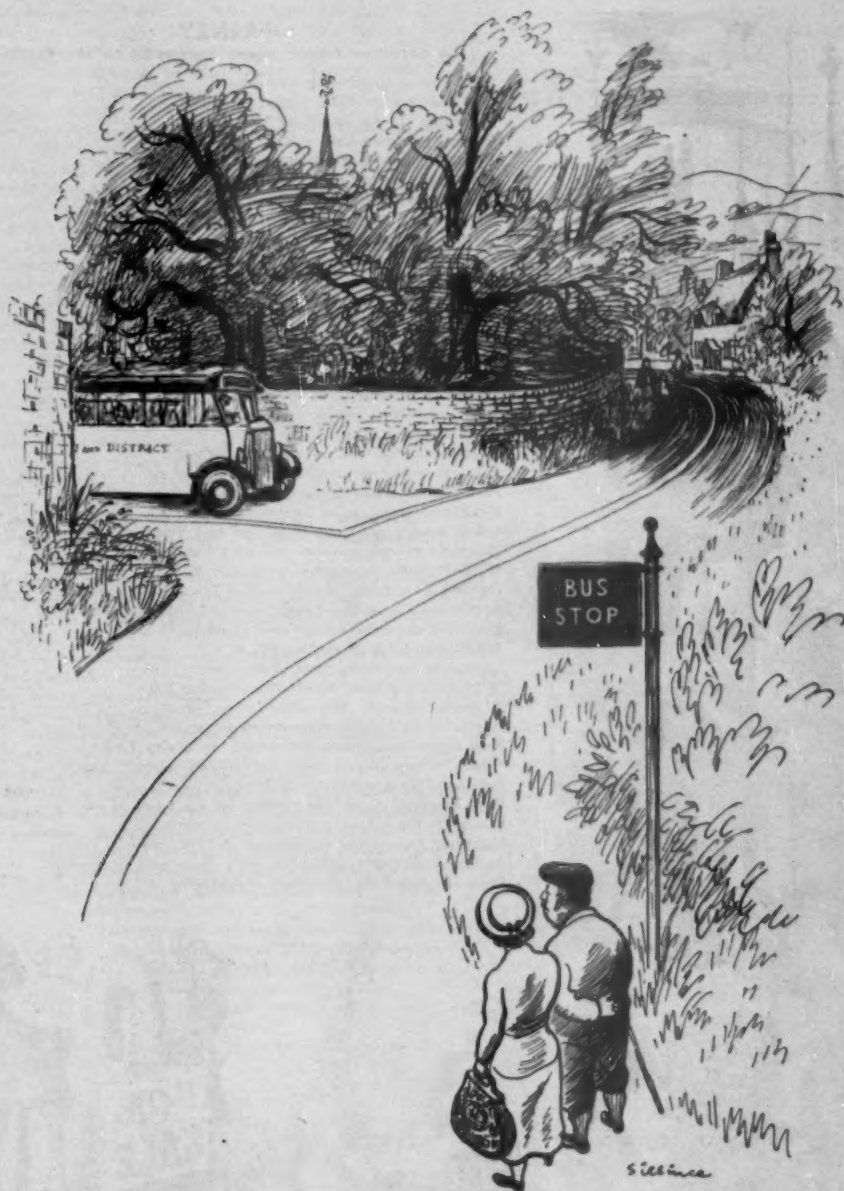
It is only right to let you know that there is an alternative approach to non-art which has gained some hold on the intellectual public during the last two decades. Its chief characteristic is that the non-artist, instead of restricting himself to subjects inside his limited range, restricts himself to subjects *outside* his limited range, his pictures normally being supplied with rather grown-up jokes like "Come on, tell us the one about Goldilocks and the three Father-Images." Provided the drawings are bad enough and the jokes sufficiently baffling, no one with taste and susceptibility will care to identify himself with the man-in-the-street in not thinking them funny.

#### THE NEED FOR NON-VARIETY

I do not propose to say any more at the moment, except to remind you that in all approaches to non-art, as in all approaches to almost everything else except cooking and one-man-band playing, the secret of success is rigid specialization. I have dealt with some of the ways in which the humorous non-artist can get into print and, with a little extra effort, increase the size and sales-value of his work: but make no mistake, the ultimate plums are reserved for the man who associates himself as soon as he can with one particular line, be it simple or complex, solitary wasps or large conclaves of chatty Frenchmen, and who sticks to that line unwaveringly, come what may.



DANIEL PETTIWARD



"Well, if Mrs. Wackford's daughter's on it it's the 3 o'clock fifteen minutes late, and if old Mr. Wyckross is on it it's the 3.30 fifteen minutes early."

## FRENZY

A Sensitive Estate Agent Succumbs to the Strain

W/E recommend with confidence  
 This perfect little period residence  
 Adjoining the lovely Gloffy Vale,  
 Offered for immediate sale;  
 Possessing an elevated situation  
 Most conveniently near to Croakley station  
 With awe-inspiring panoramic views  
 Across thirty counties to Ben Sues,  
 First time in the market since 1503,  
 A quite unprecedented opportunity;  
 Once the Fitzblottos' hunting-box  
 Where scions of an ancient line pursued the stag or fox;  
 Visited by royalty and the great  
 In Art and Letters and Affairs of State.  
 A minute's walk from Wortleberry Down,  
 Not more than half an hour from town,  
 In excellent running order and superb repair,  
 With lift, three escalators and baroque bath-chair.  
 Fully restored by Ebenezer Tout,  
 Central-heating now installed throughout;  
 Historic geyser of great character and charm,  
 Renaissance warming-pans, rococo gas-rings, fire-alarm  
 By Flammaratti, of unique design,  
 Inlaid with green Carrara marble and Venezuelan pine.  
 Has eight reception salons and snug baronial hall  
 With Turbet's incomparable murals on every wall;  
 On first floor thirty slumber-suites (some with four-poster beds),  
 Above are fifteen lesser bedrooms and nine potting-sheds;  
 Excellent domestic offices with spacious sinks  
 Easily adaptable as skating rinks.  
 Luxurious swimming pool (Italianate)  
 With Gothic pillars (nineteenth century, late).  
 A special feature: Romantic Ivory Tower—  
 Would do as factory chimney or for water-power,  
 Now residences of owls but would make airy larder—  
 Where Nelson stayed before he sank the Groat Armada.  
 Delightful dungeons fit for mushroom-growing or for children's games,  
 With headless ghost that answers to the name of James—  
 Would do for hatching revolutions or ditto eggs,  
 Restoring quaint old customs or storing mead in kegs;  
 Authentic Tudor cocktail-bar with darts and bagatelle  
 Perfectly suited for laboratory or garphing hell.





Whole property ideal for school or country club or flats,  
For convent, nudist colony, reformatory or home for aged cats;  
Equipped with every ingenious device  
For the discouragement of death-watch beetles, scorpions,  
malaria and mice.

Unrivalled climate; Ultra-Salubric-Ozonie  
Sun-lounge with orchid annexe, a physical and mental tonic.

Estate: 900,000 acres

Stretching from Wigan pier to the Atlantic breakers,

Including unspoilt marshes—quite delightfully wet  
(One rood and fifteen perches might be let).

Enchanting old-world garden (only one square mile)

With faithful replica of River Nile;

Exotic rockery arranged by Coop regardless of expense

Screened from palatial compost-heaps by Jutish wattle-fence;

With terrace walks and Celtic gnomeries and wealth of  
rustic stiles

Readily convertible to nesting-boxes or atomic piles;

Mature blackberry shrubberies of great dignity laid out by Bate

With Hebridean thistles growing in their natural state.

Head Gardener (strict Druid-Jain),

In charge for ninety years, is willing to remain.

Temple of Bacchus inscribed with zodiacal signs

In lovely setting of dandelions and vines;

Enchanting half-tiled Moorish garage

Splendid for bomber station or balloon barrage;

Unrivalled bomb-proof Norman piggery with sweet aroma

From honeysuckle shading busts of Socrates, Old Moore, and  
Homer;

With nearby hunting, shooting, netball, croquet, troutling,

Snooker, soccer, rugger, skittles, yo-yo, scouting,

Public houses of innumerable denominations, tied churches,  
flicks,

Milk-bars, borse, bears, bee-clubs, sewing-bees and similar  
fiddlesticks.

I very nearly forgot to mention

A dangerous bridge (suspension)

Ideal for garden parties, heroic deeds by Girl Guides

And jolly suicides,

And cosy accommodation for hippopotami—

Oh maniacs, oh snobs, oh parvenus, oh eccentric admirals, oh pious

fishmongers, oh poetical air vice-marshals, oh debilitated

wrestlers, oh illiterate bookmakers, oh half-witted workers

in fretwork, oh æsthetic stockbrokers, oh dumb waiters,

oh lined extractors, oh brutal pacifists, oh bulls

in china shops, oh readers of bulletins, oh cowmen

with warts on their noses, oh dissipated

archdeacons, oh red-nosed testotallers, oh

high-kicking chorus-girls, oh middlemen

with low blood-pressure, oh cute

bamoonists with hicups, oh

flat-footed sanitary

engineers,

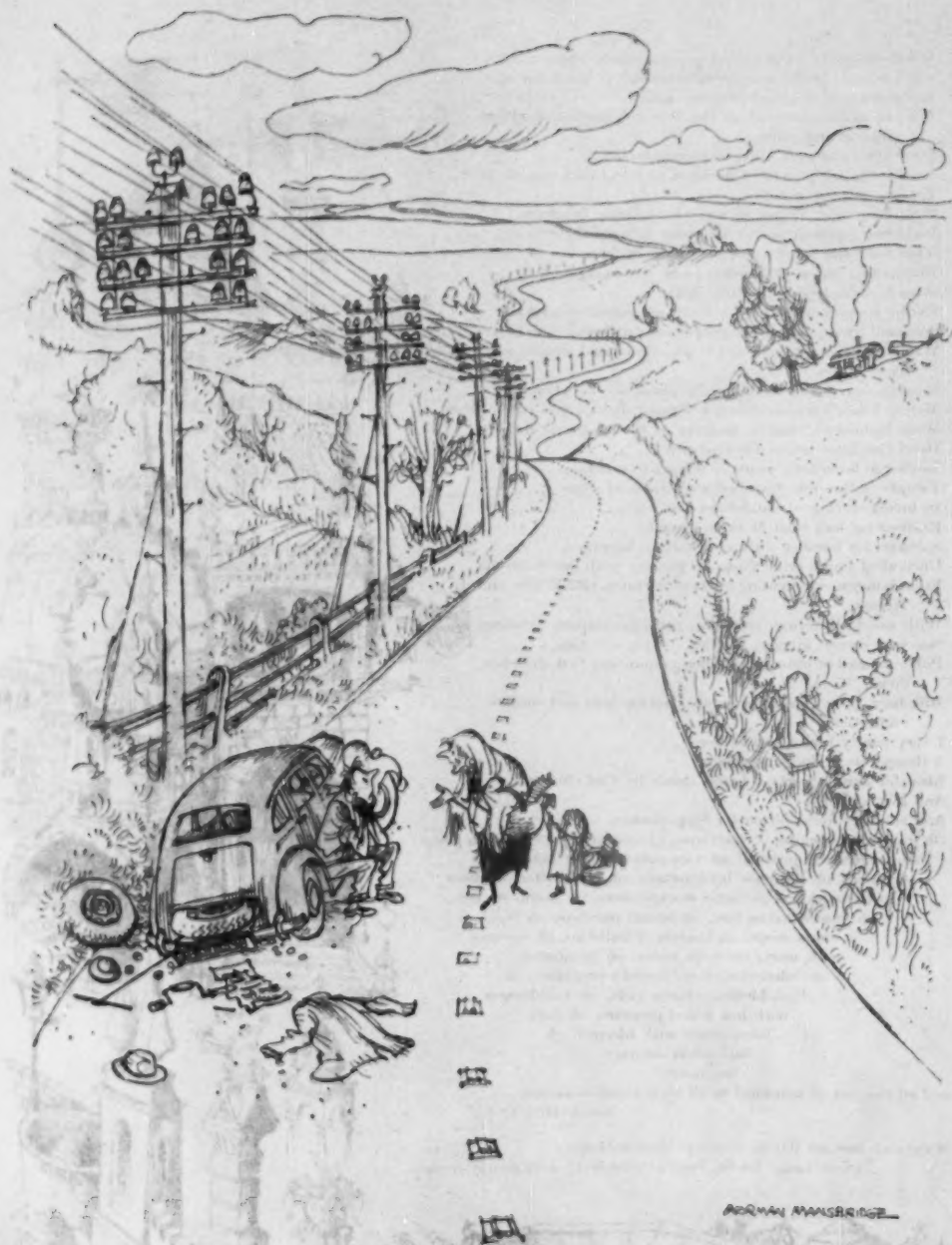
and all the rest of mankind in all its detestable variety—

COME BUY !!!

WANTED: Service flat in Luxury Mental Home

In exchange for St. Paul's Cathedral—with roomy dome.





"You've got a lucky face, dearie."

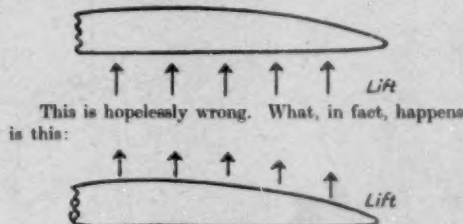
## THE AIR CHARIVARI



## AERODYNAMICALLY SPEAKING

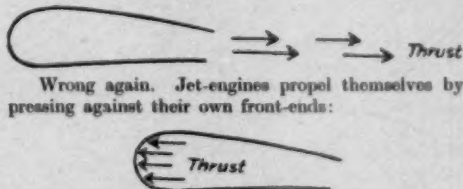
READERS will fail to get the best out of the highly technical aeronautical pages that follow unless the principles of flight are clearly grasped. The viscosity of air, turbulence factors, and what is known as "skin-drag" give a formula for wing-loading reliable only when  $\frac{v}{q}$  is greater than  $q$ , where  $v$  equals aspect-ratio plus a barometric constant,  $R$  is unknown, and  $q$  is taken as an approximation—

No. It is tempting to skate over early difficulties in this way and go straight to the half-dozen or so essential formulae, but the reader will rightly demand that a firm foundation be laid. He will not be prepared to take even so elementary a conception as Bernoulli's Theorem for granted. We must begin at the beginning and state the first principle of aerodynamics, namely, that (I) *all the arrows point in directions diametrically opposed to what the reader would expect*. For instance, here is a typical wing, of medium aspect-ratio, gaining support (or "lift" as aerodynamists say) from the subjacent air:



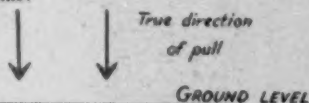
I see, now that I look closely at the diagrams, that the arrows are not so much diametrically opposed as uni-directional. We had better restate the first principle of aerodynamics as follows: (IA) *all arrows point in the wrong direction or are ludicrously misplaced with relation to the object they are supposed to be affecting*.

Here is a jet-engine rushing through the air at something near sonic speed:



This may well be thought to be as far-fetched as the notion that you can rise in the air by putting the palms of your hands under your insteps and pulling, but it is aerodynamically correct and as good an example as you could want of arrows doing their work the hard way. When you know a little more about

thrust and drag you will realize that when you try to pull yourself up by your insteps what is actually happening is this:



(The feet and hands have been omitted, for greater clarity)

A man with very strong arms might easily disappear below ground, if he tried the trick on ploughland or soft sand.

Thrust, however, is less important than lift, so we will leave jet-engines and go back to wings. Consider the flow of air round a plane surface inclined at  $y$  degrees. Now if, at right angles,  $P = .003 v^2$  (and nobody, I hope, in this day and age is going to dispute that) and given a design for the leading-edge such that  $q^2$ —

$q^2$ ! When we remember that  $g$  stands for gravity, a force capable of exerting a pull on Mercury and Venus, we shall do well to approach the square of it with something akin to awe—or at least with circumspection. Formulae with  $g^2$  in them are not to be handled carelessly, nor should we lightly multiply and divide such titanic agents as though we had to do with a symbol representing the price of eggs or some such trumpery affair as the diameter of an outflow pipe. We ought to begin with balloons, which overcome gravity by easy stages, pouring sand on it whenever it seems to be getting the better of them.

This brings me to the second principle of aerodynamics, which states that (II) *anything that is lighter than air goes up*. Imagination boggles at the implications of this. If air was heavier than it is, as it might easily be—if it was as heavy as lead for instance—would coal-scuttles and rocks rise up in it? I cannot get a satisfactory answer to this question. And why, even as things are, do lighter-than-air receptacles mount upwards? After all, they still weigh something. What is gravity thinking about? Hydrogen weighs about .005 lb. per cubic foot, and a balloon they had at the Paris Exhibition of 1878 contained 886,000 cubic feet of the stuff. I make that 4,430 lb., or nearly a couple of tons, apart from the weight of the container, basket, ropes, sand, etc. Yet the thing went up, with fifty people clinging to it.

We can now state the third and fourth principles of aerodynamics: (III) *gravity takes no notice of weight, provided the weight is enclosed in a balloon-shaped container* and (IV) *gravity should properly be called gravitation throughout*.

For a more confusing and aimless treatment of the whole subject than has been possible here, see any standard work on Aerodynamics. H. F. ELLIS



*"'We can't all be pilots,' they says. 'But you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that without your efforts they wouldn't get off the ground,' they says."*





He stoppeth  
his ears as  
the craft  
riseth from  
the earth.

In the silence  
and loneliness  
of the upper  
air,

he imagineth  
himself a  
spirit.

Through the  
floor of the  
clouds

he seeth the  
ocean,

and anon is  
inwardly  
troubled by  
the demons of  
the sky.

With joy he  
espeth his  
home,

and the Pilot  
bringeth him  
safe to land.

**M**OVED by a strong and sudden power  
The shaft went round and round;  
I stopped my ears with cotton wool—  
It was an awful sound;  
And soon I saw an open space  
Betwixt us and the ground.

We flew, we soared, we all uprose,  
And the wind went singing by;  
Like a ship upon an azure sea  
We sailed the silent sky.

Above the earth, all, all alone,  
There was nor sound, nor stir;  
I thought I had been in a dream,  
Or a blessed spirit were.

"I fear thee, Airborne Mariner!"  
Be calm, thou Wedding Guest:  
This body, in the Pilot's craft,  
Sped onward toward the west.

Westward against the sun we flew,  
And the clouds were spread below;  
In wisped shapes all white they were,  
Like the mask of driven snow.

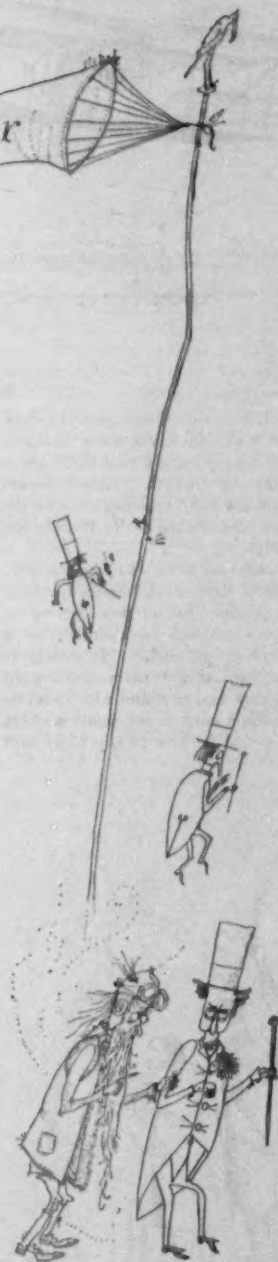
Beneath, how far I cannot tell,  
I saw the mighty ocean;  
And on a sudden I 'gan feel  
A sick and queasy motion.

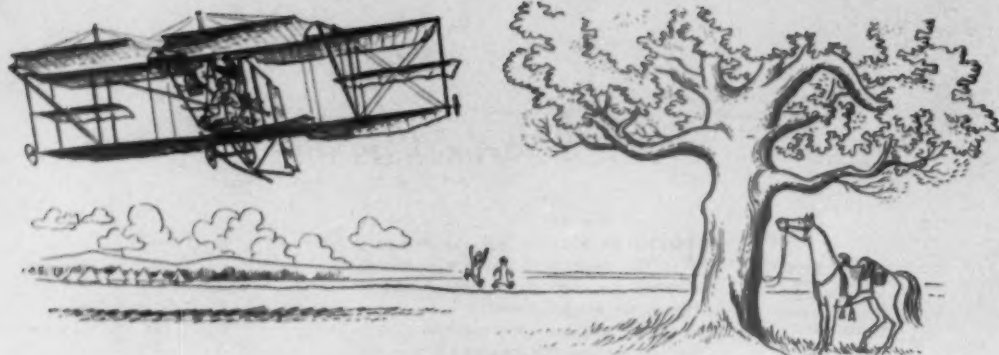
The spirits that dwell in the upper air  
Had held me in their power:  
Mesemed in that same strait I lay  
A sad and ghastly hour.

Eftsoons, athwart the blue I spied  
The margin of the sea;  
Beneath me lay, across the bay,  
O joy! mine own countree.

We fell from high, adown the sky,  
Without or pain or loss.  
Is that my home, is that the 'drome,  
Is that the market cross?  
The Pilot wheeled, and on the field  
Brought down the *Albatross*.

G. H. VAILLINS





## THE LARGE BACK ROOM

Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough

**L**IFE is full of unexpected twists. I should never have thought, for example, that a visit to the nerve centre of British aviation would leave my mind preoccupied with the crass disoblighness of Buffalo Bill Cody.

It is all to do with Cody's Tree. Cody's Tree, dead, bleached, railed-in, pumped full of preservative by some arboreal taxidermist, is a Farnborough shrine. It stands at one end of the main, 2,400-yard runway, and any pilot who found he needed a yard or two more, and hit it, would be wise to slip away and

take poison before the lynching started. In the old, old days, when Farnborough Common was still a common, and members of the public were always available in strength to put a shoulder to any would-be flying-machine on the chance that it might take off and make a good tale for their grandchildren, Cody used to tether his kites to this tree. In fact, the War Office, intrigued in spite of itself by his plans for a kite which would carry a man, had appointed him Chief Kiting Instructor to H.M. Balloon School, recently arrived in those parts from adjacent Aldershot—eminence indeed for a Texas-born cowboy, actor and circus-performer. Later he had a hand in building the first powered airship, and became in effect the Establishment's first test pilot. He was a gallant character... But he was not, repeat not, W. F. Cody or Buffalo Bill. He was S. F. Cody and no relation.

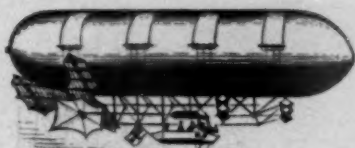
That is what upsets me. I came away, you see, with the impression that he was. And I don't suppose I am the only one. And now that I have learnt the discouraging truth I am filled with resentment against the other Cody—who should, of course, if there were such a thing as justice for journalists, have done just what his namesake did; it would have been so exactly in character for him, challenging the new thrills and perils of the air age just as he had challenged in his youth the Indian-ridden transcontinental wastes of the Pony Express age.

But he did nothing of the kind. I call it most inconsiderate.

Farnborough is huge, and on that score alone it is impossible to explore more than a corner or two of this biggest of all back-room Boffinlands. It has hundreds of acres of airfield and a surprising acreage of buildings, an advance on the Balloon Factory days of 1909, when a newly-appointed Supervisor found himself in charge of "one small machine shop, one airship shed, one shed." The airship shed, which once sheltered the Beta I, the most successful of the Factory's early dirigibles, still stands, a rusty hanger of corrugated iron, which at least has a certain symmetry to commend it; many of the buildings are curious architecturally, with lopsided humps and bulges, lofty eyeless walls, rambling afterthought annexes—this is because technical installations of immense and obscure complexity have been constructed first, and a purely utilitarian shell built round them later.

But there are other obstacles in the path of the investigator. One is that Farnborough deals in things to come, and thinks it best (not alone in this, perhaps!) that such things should remain shrouded. It has always been so. No doubt it seemed wise, during the South African war, to safeguard the production methods which caused output to reach the staggering figure of two balloons a month; just as, in 1906, it seemed wise to smuggle the new biplane off to Scotland's Blair





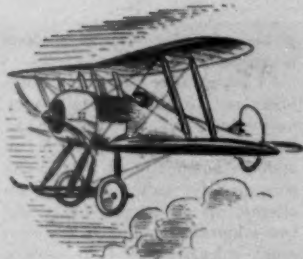
Atholl lest the unauthorized should witness its single brief bound into the air and subsequent disintegration; and so it now seems wise to conceal the exact number of staff employed at the Establishment (I am permitted to hint at several thousands) and to be politely reticent on many other topics of interest.

Another obstacle is the noise. I'll write that again. **THE NOISE.** I can only suppose that in time you get used to it. Spread about the numerous straggling buildings men are somehow managing to concentrate on calculations of nightmare intricacy (there is a mathematics section which does sums for every-one); others are measuring heat and light and sound and shock-waves with awful exactness; still more are applying themselves to matters of photo-elasticity and astro-navigation, of hydraulics and electronics, telemechanics and supersonics, or the combined aerodynamic, thermal and instrumental problems of (dare I!) G-d-d W-p-na: they

none of them seem to hear the roaring in their ears, and I envy them their detachment. But then, if you are helping to make a noise, however indirectly, you find it easier to put up with. They were just as deaf to distractions, I expect, when, in 1944, they unexpectedly took delivery of twelve crates of mixed hardware from Sweden, representing all that remained of a German V.2 exploded in the air—the first and least troublesome to reach this country. (It was reconstructed with interest, and later found to be a perfect match with the unexploded variety.)

But if I were doing that sort of work I should want a little quiet, I think. To my mind the scream of a Firefly warming up for an experimental catapult take-off (apparently in the next room), accompanied by a couple of homing Vampires which seem to clear the guttering by inches, makes even ordinary small talk difficult. That may, in fact, be how I was misled over Buffalo Bill. "Is it true to say," I would ask, pencil alertly poised, "that —?" But the first Vampire blots out the question. I put it again, but the second one blots out the answer. So I sheathe my pencil and allow myself to be led away into a wind-tunnel, hoping for a bit of peace and quiet.

But in vain. If you thought a wind-tunnel was a simple affair on



the lines of a large-scale drain-pipe you are, like me, mistaken. This one has roughly the same amount of mechanical equipment as Battersea Power Station, and a staff of seventy-odd to run it. It has noises of its own, louder and more continuous than those of mere aircraft: there are engines to drive the fan, compressors to raise the wind, a refrigerating-plant to cool it down after its heating journey at, perhaps, 600 m.p.h. As the young man with a high forehead hands me a pair of overshoes—a measure for grit-exclusion; 600 m.p.h. grit is no joke—he is kind enough to try to tell me something. I don't hear it. He redoubles his efforts, his breath hot in my ear, and, as from far away, the message forms . . . "I'm afraid it's rather noisy . . ." I nod in courteous agreement. Later I manage to catch another phrase or two—"aileron instability," "uncontrollable spiral dive," "unexplained break-up"—and gather that he is



giving me some idea of matters investigated here.

I learnt afterwards that I was lucky not to have chosen a very heavy flying day. The weather had been fine for the past week or so, and the amount of air traffic was consequently only moderate—an aircraft up or down about every two minutes according to my own rough calculations. It is after a spell of bad weather that the sky over this bit of Hampshire is at its loudest and most crowded, because storm and tempest, though upsetting in the air, make no difference on the ground: in the drawing-offices and machine-shops, foundries and laboratories, operations go forward as usual. And when the rain is over and gone, the voice of the Boffin is heard on all sides, desiring that test pilots shall become airborne without delay, to check the latest theory on engine-torque, assess blast pressure in a rocket-assisted take-off, or tackle a tricky but exciting job for the Flutter and Vibration Division of the Structures Department.

Not, I must add for the comfort of the security-conscious, that the visitor from outside sees much of this going on. He must get what satisfaction he can, as I did, from the spectacle of three serious-looking men running out of a building and

exploding a small firework; they watched it perform a brief, spluttering, smoke-blue arc and then, leaving it to expire on the ground, exchanged meaning looks and went back inside. Or he may form his own theories about what appears to be a quarter of an acre of old hay, spread thin and enclosed by tall wire-netting. "Oh," his guide will murmur evasively—"it's something they're doing in the Chemi. Lab."

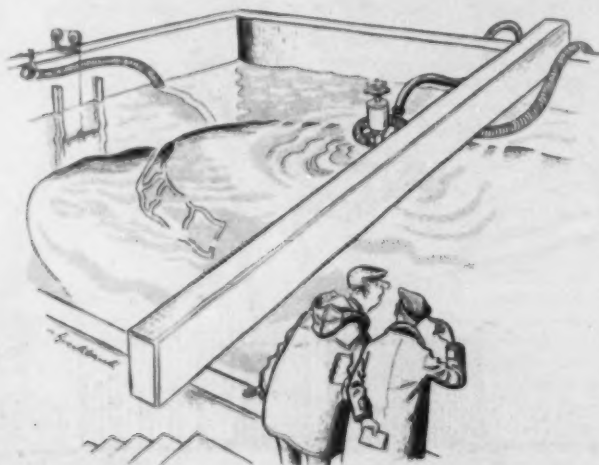
Of course, some of the activities are more readily comprehensible by the lay mind. In a building known for no good reason as the Cathedral, pieces of aeroplane are "tested to destruction" (I had heard the phrase, was relieved to find that it didn't take place in the air). Gripped in the implacable jaws of a mammoth machine an entire main plane is subjected to increasing stresses, and its cracking point automatically recorded; as a result of such a test the failing load of a wing has been raised by as much as forty per cent. On the other side of the floor I climb a little movable flight of steps and find myself looking down on half a fuselage submerged in water; simplicity itself, this—is it watertight? then it's airtight. The Cathedral is a tangle of pulleys and chains, girders,

iron stairways; undercarriages, wheels, engine nacelles stand about, seized between the teeth of strange mechanisms. No one is in sight. Science is pursuing its silent course unaided.

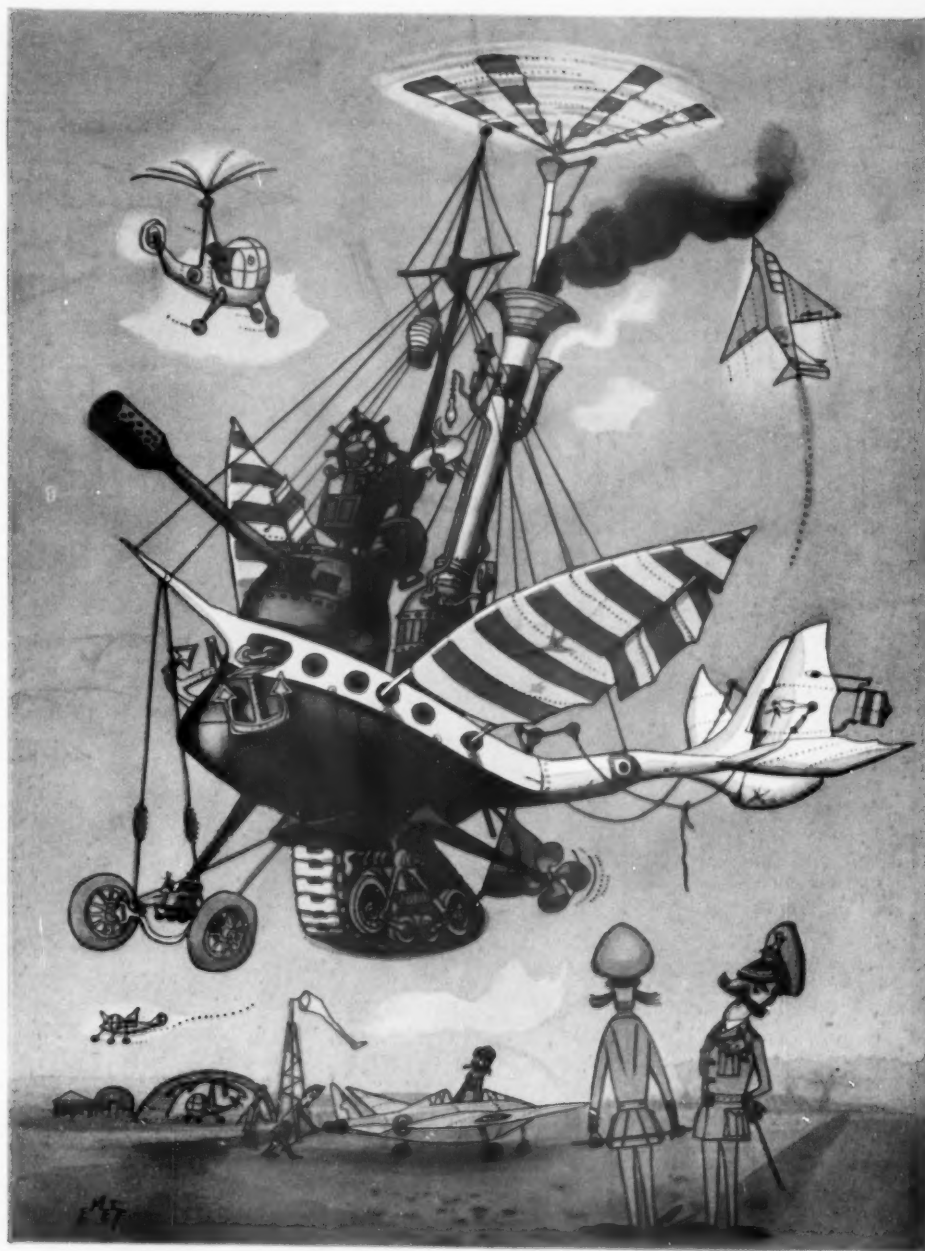
Or consider the perfectly straightforward job of dropping a couple of jeeps from the air. Here, in the Parachutes Division of Aerodynamics, are a couple of jeeps which have had this experience. They don't look particularly impressed. The operation must be quite simple. All you have to make sure of is that all the parachutes open successfully (starting with the parachute that pulls out the parachute that pulls out the jeeps); that the lashings will hold the load steady in flight—and fall free at the exact moment required, instead of holding tight and pulling the floor out of the aircraft; that the self-inflating air-bag buffers will, in fact, self-inflate; that the explosive charge freeing the load from its parachutes on landing doesn't explode two thousand feet in the air (which has happened; you must realize that experiments cost money) . . . Nothing to it, really, once you know how.

And what, as they say, of the future? Well, if I knew anything, I'd tell you; that, of course, is why no one told me. But when you consider that a leading Farnborough Boffin produced his paper, "An Aerodynamic Theory of Turbine Design" in 1926, or nearly twenty years before the aircraft gas-turbine became a reality, you can't help wondering what may be found tethered to Cody's Tree (no relation to Buffalo Bill) twenty years from now.

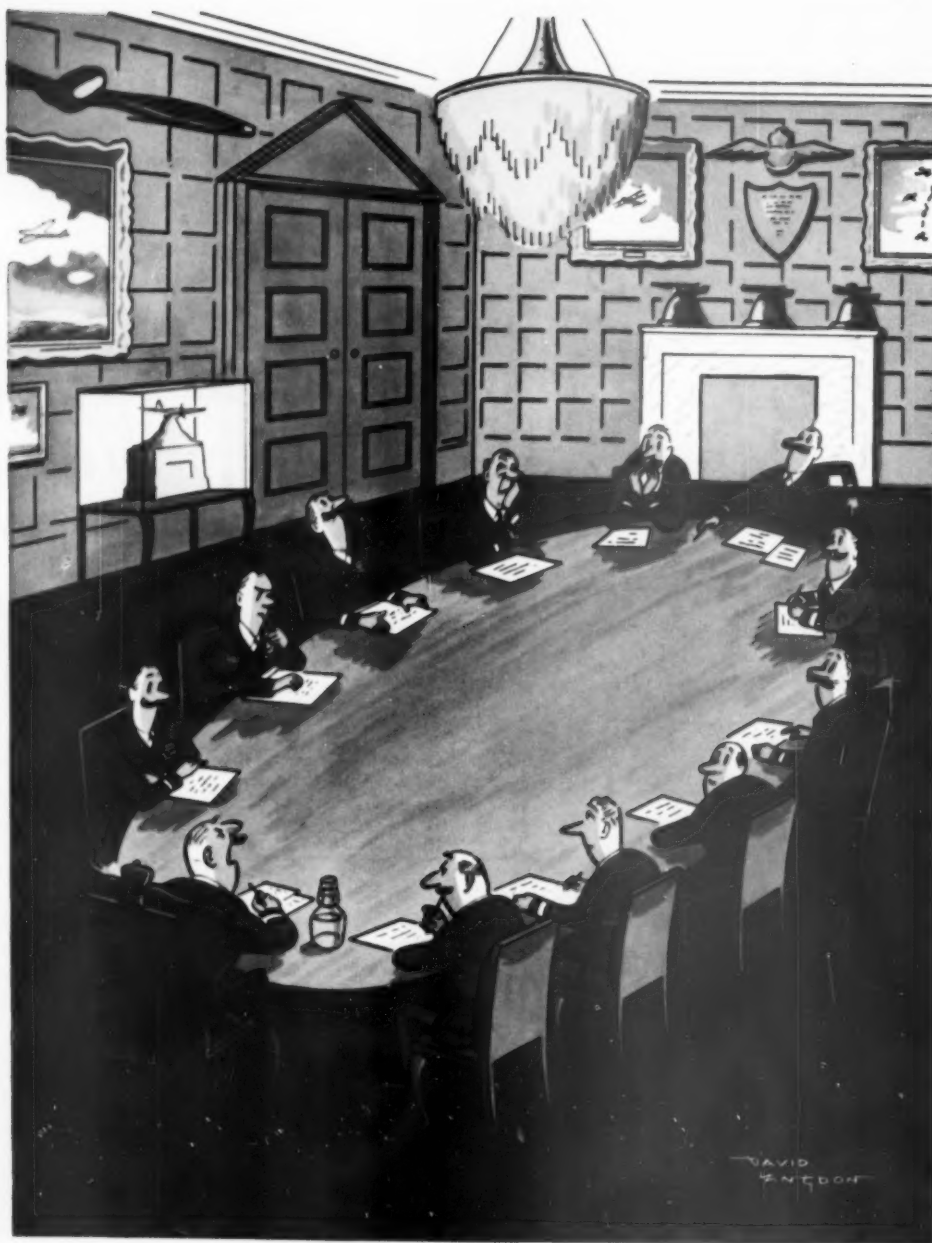
J. B. BOOTHROYD







*"I should snap it up, gentlemen! There are two other Services interested . . ."*

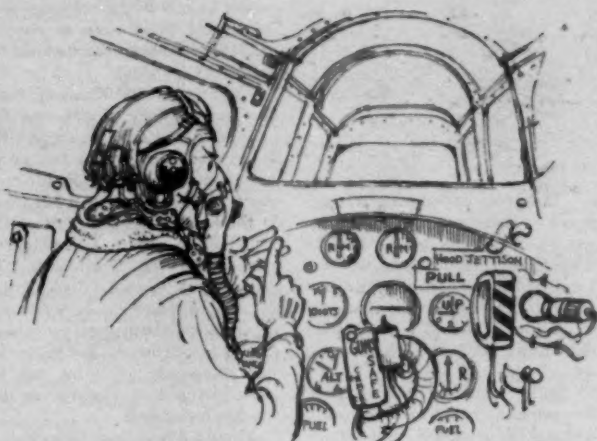


*"Very well then—the expression 'Good Show' is retained. Next, 'Wizard Prang.' Those in favour . . ."*









## HIGH LEVEL CONVERSATIONS

AT THE CENTRAL FLYING SCHOOL

IT takes sixteen weeks for the R.A.F.'s Central Flying School to turn its scrupulously-seeded students into qualified instructors. For eight weeks they learn leadership, how to speak and instruct in the air, and such elementary background as Navigation, Meteorology, Engines, Instruments, Jet Handling and Aviation Medicine. Then, swapping their Proctors for Harvards or Meteor VIIs, they move on to the advanced stuff—still devoting alternate days to Navigation, Meteorology, Engines, etc.

Owing to prior engagements, I had only twenty-four hours in which to cover all this. Clearly I could not master the whole syllabus in that time, so I decided to concentrate on something simple. I would learn, I thought, to speak in the air.

Civilians who think that you can

pick up flying as you can cycling may not understand the importance of speaking in the air. But one of the R.A.F. manuals puts it strongly: "The instructor should spare no effort to find out whether he can be heard," it says, "and to choose the most suitable words and phrases."

All good instruction starts at an altitude where errors will not lead to irreparable damage ("the increased complexity of modern aircraft . . . to-day requires that much of the instruction must be done on the ground"). I could, I thought, hear some clever airborne speaking without myself soaring into the blue ("pupil and instructor should be in reasonably warm and comfortable surroundings"). The Control Tower seemed a sensible starting-point.

The R.A.F. offered to demonstrate a rapid controlled jet descent.

A Meteor pilot twenty thousand feet up spoke to the Flying Control Officer through a loudspeaker. "Love Five," he said. "Testing."

The Flying Control Officer said "Descend now to ten thousand feet." "Roger," said the Meteor.

"Love Five," said the Flying Control Officer, "steer zero-one-zero, zero-one-zero." "Roger," said the Meteor.

"Love Five," said the Flying Control Officer, "you are now over-head. Turn port two-nine-five." "Roger," said the Meteor.

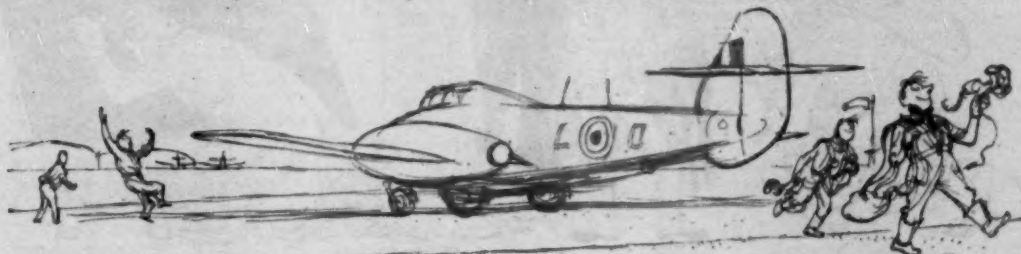
"Love Five, rapid descent to two thousand feet." "Roger."

"I am bringing you in on one-zero-zero." "Roger."

I felt certain that in the same circumstances I should be able to choose equally suitable words and phrases. But at twenty thousand I might not find it so warm and comfortable. The Station Medical Officer offered to reproduce on me the effects of being four miles up. If he did it to someone else, I said, I should be able to see the effects better; so he collected four guinea-pigs from among his medical orderlies.

They all climbed into a small sealed chamber and donned flying-helmets and oxygen-masks. The S.M.O. left his mask disconnected; he would demonstrate, he said, the effects of "anoxia," which could be quite amusing. "I got myself really blue in the face the other day," he said, "and my finger-nails were bright purple."

I watched through a glass spy-hole while another doctor, grinning happily, turned on the taps that exhausted the air in the chamber. The guinea-pigs seemed quite unaffected by the decompression, but the S.M.O. soon began to suffer from



anoxia and smilingly went blue in the face.

"All your aeroplanes have plenty of oxygen in them?" I asked anxiously. They said yes, plenty.

By the time lunch was over I was fully confident of being able to speak in the air, and they proposed that I should go up in a Meteor and try. It just happened that a formation of Meteors was about to take off with the object of practising close-formation flying with the middle aeroplane upside-down. "But I'm afraid," they said, "you can't go in the middle one. The pilot wants someone to count."

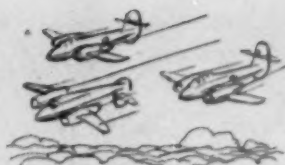
"Count?" I said.

"Well, you see," they said, "a Meteor can only fly upside down for fifteen seconds and after that the engines cut out."

Snow swept across the runway.

I sat in the after cockpit of the Meteor while the pilot told me exactly what to do if I had to jump. "Of course I shall keep talking to you all the time," he soothed me. It occurred to me that in my clumsy efforts to get out of the cockpit I might disconnect the intercom-thing of my helmet, but it seemed churlish to raise the point.

The two jet-engines whined like dentists' drills, and we sauntered gently round the perimeter-track and formed up at the end of the runway. The air was full of voices—the Control Tower's, the formation leader's, my pilot's. I badly wanted to say something myself, to show I could, but I could think of nothing to say.



Then with astonishing smoothness we rolled down the runway, our wingtip far closer to the leader's wing than I should have advised. I watched the leader with the eye of a hawk, determined that if we did touch him I should tell my pilot right away, so that he could open out a little.

Quite suddenly the runway dropped away below and the untidy bottoms of the clouds rushed down on us. The three Meteors moved as if riveted together with (very short) invisible ties. "All right?" asked my pilot over the intercom. Here at last was a chance to put my learning into practice. Speaking in the air for the first time, I said "Yes, thanks."

In a couple of minutes we were through the clouds, three stationary silver Meteors shining like flying saucers at eight thousand feet while the world went slipping by. The sky was immaculately blue. My pilot edged in a little towards the leader, and the leader's voice came sharp over the air. "Our wingtip was getting in his jet exhaust," said my pilot apologetically.

The leader spoke again. "Red Formation, open—out!"

We swung abruptly away to port. When next I looked at the

leader he was flying belly-upwards. We edged in as close as possible while his passenger counted out the fatal fifteen seconds.

Then—"Red Formation," came the leader's voice, "open—out!"

We turned away again and the leader made a half-roll to resume his normal attitude. We closed in once more. There was an oval hatchway in the leader's fuselage, just at the roundel, on which I could read stencilled *Desert Equipment*. To practice my speaking technique I decided to ask what it was. My inquiry should be modest, yet urbane and well-enunciated. But the leader was on the air before me and we were giving him elbow-room for another handstand.

Finally it was time to go home. "You want to make sure your ears aren't bunged up as we come down," my pilot said. "Yes," I said. It was my last airborne remark of the day; below the clouds the air was a little bumpy...

Doubtless if I had raised the point someone at the School would have taught me how to get round that difficulty too. Here at nought feet, my parachute replaced by an armchair, my oxygen-mask by a cup of coffee, I can speak without restraint—speak of the skill and charm of those hand-picked pilots, of the merits of the Meteor VII as an air-yacht, of the joy of jet flight under a sky of uninterrupted blue. Possibly it all looks a bit sentimental reduced to cold print. You can, if you like, put it down to a mild degree of anoxia; but it's not that really.

B. A. YOUNG

NORMAN MANSBRIDGE



## THE POWER BEHIND THE COCKPIT

**WE** of the war-time W.A.A.F. seldom pass a military policeman or a rissole without a thought for those new to the Service, those in the new Service, the W.R.A.F.—our little sisters.

How are you making out, I wonder? How are you coping? How, as a matter of fact, and before we go any further, do you pronounce Wraf as opposed to Raf? One imagines, not without a certain relish, possible confusion.

Some aspects of W.R.A.F. life will, I suppose, differ from those I knew, while others, without doubt, will remain unchanged. Saluting, of course, is still vital and it is necessary that its importance be realized. It does a recruit no good to climb over a gate and hide behind a hedge until the officer has passed.

We of the W.A.A.F. used to take pride in promoting goodwill between ourselves and the R.A.F., and we rely on you to maintain the same happy relationship. Do not, for instance, mutter continuously "Why should we have to do all the cleaning?" Remember that a woman's place is in the home, and that holds good in the W.R.A.F. as well. And when you are led on a P.T. gallop past the men's huts do not answer back.

Kit inspections are important. Try to borrow from people with the same name. When you repeat the formula "One on, ma'am, one at the laundry, two here," be careful that the official issue is not only three after all.

Domestic Evenings used to mean busy times for all of us. I wonder if the tradition is still upheld? Every Tuesday, the W.A.A.F. officer said, we had to stay in and wash our smalls, and what jolly hours we spent in the ablutions! All rub-a-dub-dubbing merrily, small smalls, big smalls, issue smalls, smuggled smalls—even clean smalls, because we could not always arrange it as well as we were supposed to.

Then afterwards they organized lectures for us: "Sub-Glacial Ant

Life in the Upper Zambesi," "Lesser Known Aspects of Central Asian Temperance in the Middle Ages," etc.

You will find of course that there are occasions other than Domestic Evenings on which you are confined to camp—all of you, perhaps, or a section, or a hut. *Whatever you do, do not make a nuisance of yourself by trying to discover the reason.*

An excellent move for a new recruit (and she cannot begin this too soon) is to try to catch a glimpse of her station commander some time and obviate the possibility of meeting him face to face without recognition. Not mutual recognition, of course; don't overdo it. And try to find out his name.

As regards procedure in the various types of work, I can write with a certain authority and experience only on Fighter Operations, Flying Control and the Cookhouse.

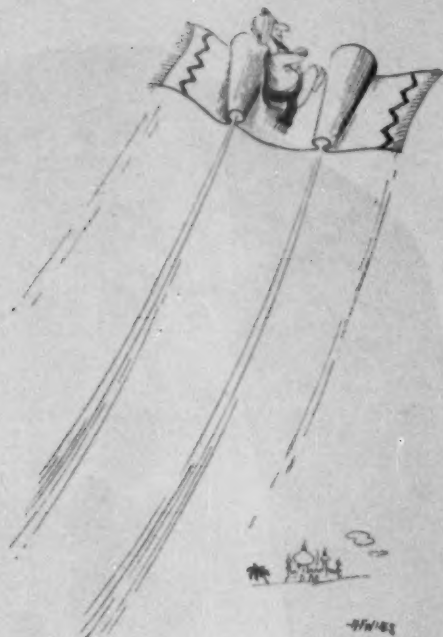
I do not wish to dwell on the Cookhouse, and will merely say that for spare-time voluntary work in this connection you will need rubber gloves and an ability to face facts.

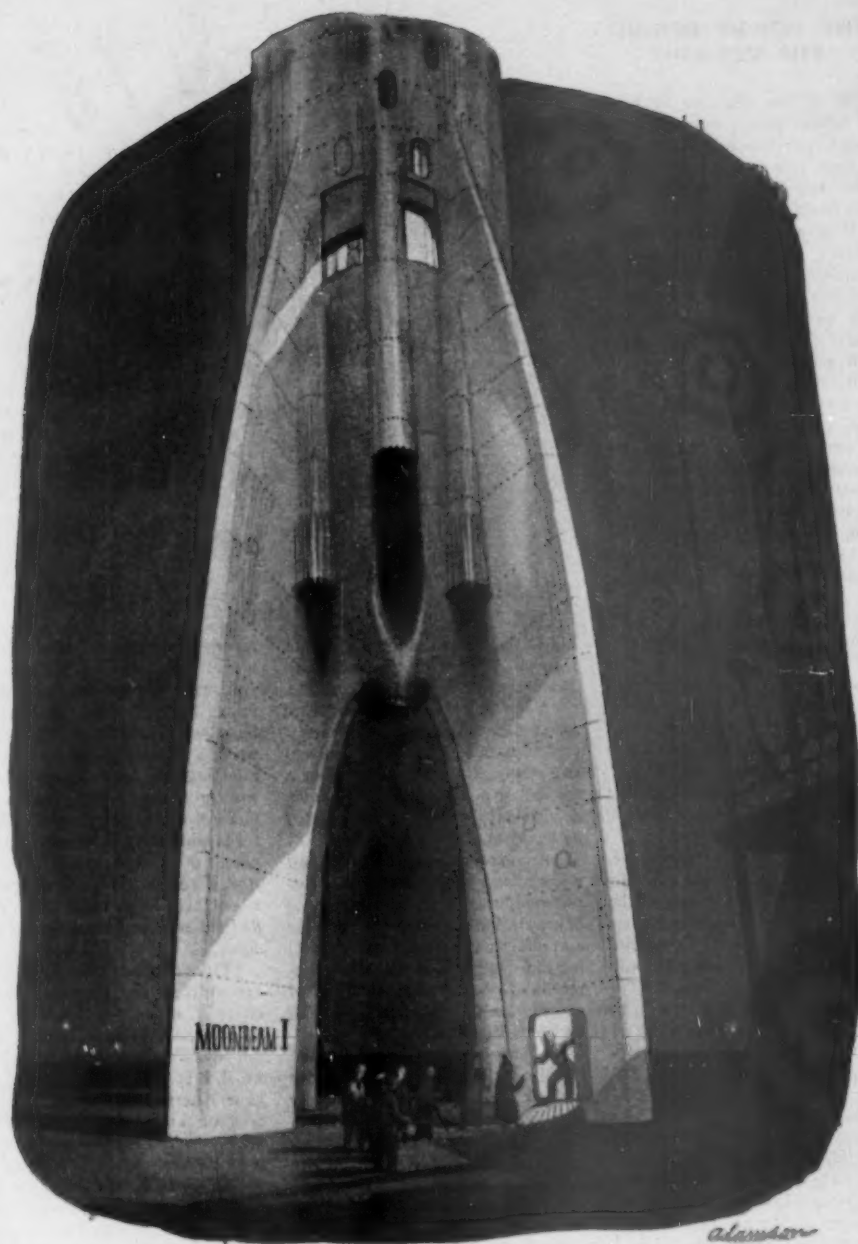
Work in the Ops. Room is exciting. There you are at the nerve

centre of a Fighter Station, dreaming of the Battle of Britain while you make tea for the Controller—unless it's night duty, when he'll be asleep if he's finished the crossword. Emptying ashtrays, disinfecting telephones and head-sets, writing up the weather with a wet piece of chalk and marvelling as it turns white—all these are part and parcel of your new, thrilling life. And, if you should be manning a line when there is an inspection, *try to find out what you are supposed to be doing.*

Flying Control is much the same except that you see more of the aircraft, if only when they are landing or taking off, and it is important that you make certain which it is. If your job necessitates your listening in to the R.T., be tolerant and remember that *the pilot doesn't always know that a girl is on the line.*

Ah well—happy days! As the recruiting pamphlets so neatly say, there are many opportunities open to you in the W.R.A.F. which are denied you in civilian life. Yes, indeed. **MARJORIE RIDDELL**





"... and don't forget to boil your drinking-water ..."



## INITIAL BRIEFING

**T**HE inducting officer surveyed the new entry with a deceptively benevolent air. It was their first day.

"Gentlemen," he said, "in past generations recruits to this Service have approached the mystery of flight with no preconceived notions beyond a healthy respect for the laws of gravity; but you, reared in an era of cinemas and television and strip cartoons, are differently situated. The remarks I am going to make now are intended to correct, in so far as that is possible, the false conclusions about the Royal Air Force which you may have reached under the influences of these external agencies.

"To begin with, dismiss from your minds all that you may have

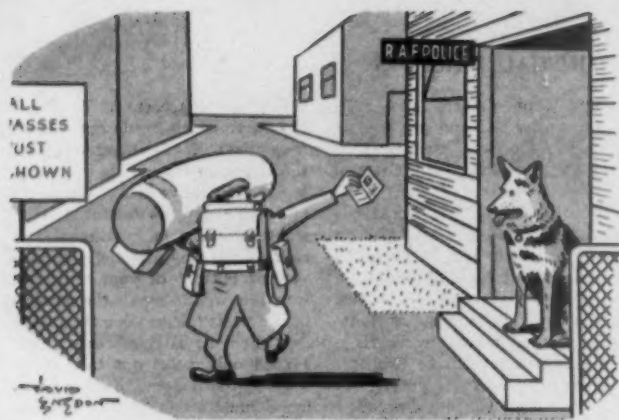
learned from fathers and elder brothers who had the privilege of serving in the two recent wars. I have already noticed symptoms of sinful pride in one of you, whose grandfather made the Brooklands circuit in a power-driven kitchen chair to which was attached a precarious assemblage of piano-wire and plywood. Here it cuts no ice to be a scion of the house of Montgolfier, or to be related by marriage to a second cousin of the Brothers Wright. The forces of gravity do not care whom you are descended from—they are solely concerned with where you are descending to, and how fast.

"During the wave of popularity enjoyed by our Service during the late war a good deal of publicity

was given to aspects of the Royal Air Force which we do not wish to perpetuate. Those of you who, with the object of impressing your contemporaries, have broken the peaks of your caps, substituted club scarves for the more conventional collar and tie, and left undone various buttons of your uniforms, would do well to repair the damage before a less tolerant eye than mine lights upon it. To reinforce my plea, I need only point out that if, as some of you imagine, Fighter Command undoes one button, Bomber Command two, and the process is continued, an unairmanlike, not to say embarrassing, situation is likely to arise in Commands lower down the list.

"In connection with personal





standards, it is appropriate here to state that a long straggly moustache is not, repeat not, an essential appurtenance of the successful flier. Apart from lending the face the appearance of a carelessly-mown field, it is liable in emergency to become mixed with oxygen masks, microphones and parachute harness. Ferocity of mien, whatever it may have done for the Vikings, is of small account in air combat.

"It is time to pass on from the errors of the body to the sins of the mind. Mingling with you as I have done during the past twenty-four hours, I have heard several times the phrase 'Dawn Patrol.' This is, at best, a time-worn expression; and, in any case, we are not at war. I think, however, that our simple habit of rising at six A.M. and holding preliminary briefing at six forty-five will go far to compensate you for this disappointment.

"There are certain other misapprehensions rife amongst you which it is my clear duty to remove. Whatever may be the view of the strip cartoonists, interplanetary travel is a development that need not bother you for some little time to come. I don't want to discourage you, but the chances of conflict with the Martian Air Force are definitely small. In any case

it is unlikely that the personnel of the M.A.F. will be anthropoid characters in red tights, speaking a form of basic English and answering to such monosyllabic names as 'Garn,' 'Dern,' and 'Sok.'

"Again, you will rarely be entrusted with secret aircraft of incredible speed and fantastic armament. Even if you are, our security arrangements are designed to prevent the agents of a foreign power from slugging you with a spanner and taking the aircraft away from you. Should this improbable sequence of events occur, however, you will not leap into the nearest aircraft and set off in hot pursuit. You will remain on the ground and write a report of the incident on the appropriate form, and your escort will come for you in due course. Anyway, in real life, the nearest aircraft will almost certainly be one which has been declared unserviceable, and a leap into the cockpit will land you upon the recumbent form of the Chief Technical Officer, a circumstance that will impair the harmony which must always exist between air and ground crews.

"The third favourite delusion cherished by gentlemen in your position is that you will be harried into the air against fearful odds by a lantern-jawed, iron-fisted, ruthless,

haggard C.O., who will turn out to be a jolly decent chap in the end. This is only a delusion as far as the 'fearful odds' are concerned. The various instructors who will be charged with the progressive stages of your training will indeed appear to you to be fiends in human form. Do not forget that they also have a point of view, and that in their eyes you are the most ham-fisted, cloth-headed gaggle of potential tram-drivers ever scraped from the bottom of the barrel by a desperate and short-sighted selection board. Haggard these gentlemen may well be, and no wonder. Ruthless they will be, I assure you.

"Prominent among those traits which have been foisted upon us by well-meaning publicists is the habit of understatement. Avoid this, for it is liable to lead you astray. For example, if you are ever hailed before your Commanding Officer for absence without leave, it does not help your case to admit that you have been away for a day or two when, in fact, you have been absent for six days, eleven hours and forty-two minutes by the guard-room clock. Equally, it is merely storing up sorrow for yourself to return on foot to the airfield you quitted in an expensive aeroplane and report that you have had 'a bit of a prang,' when you know full well that the largest surviving fragments of your machine have already been collected in a sack by the local rag-and-bone merchant.

"And now I see," said the inducting officer, "that you are finding the pangs of disillusion hard to bear. Comfort yourselves with the reflection that only the Air Force knows how the Air Force lives. The saga of your first solo, as related by you to your breathless kith and kin, is no concern of ours. We know what happened. But, for the sake of the man who will be doing my job in ten years' time, don't tell your story in front of your young nephews."

G. H. M. NICHOLS

The end of  
in MICHAEL





*"The railway, madam, is indeed closed, and its personnel absorbed in neighbouring industry."*



## SCURVY KNAVES

*A somewhat confused recollection of Historical Novels read far away and long ago*

### PROEM

"MAY the Summoner get thee, Saul Pentrepol," said Lady Alicia, irritably.

### Tells HOW CERTAYNE LADYES FAYRE CAME TO PONTEFRACKE KEPP

The pilions creaked weightily as the cavalcade clattered across the drawbridge and deposited the fair cargo in the Great Courtyard, where Dame Grammercy de Vaux grimly awaited her "guests."

### Tells AFTER WHAT MANNER MERRY JENKYN PLAYED A JAFE UPON THE KING'S JESTER

Right frankly.

### Tells OF SOME IN MASKES WHO HELD HIGH RENDEZVOUS AT THE GIBBEY'S FOOT

"Is all well that 'twere well were well, Bluchin?" said he who bore the air of leader, in a debauched voice.

"Oui," replied one who had a flavour of foreign parts in his speech.

"Methinks the Law sleepeth," said a stout personage with satisfaction.

### Tells HOW THE SNAKER FELL VICTIM TO HIS SNAKES

The dew glittered upon the fallow and blue smoke rose lazily from the cottage roofs as Franklin Jay turned his mount into the forest ride. His bowstring sent many a good shaft between the tree trunks in search of game and he carolled lustily the Ballad of the Seneschal's Daughter. Life seemed good. Suddenly his fine brow furrowed as he saw riding towards him the Knight of the Black Vizor.

### Tells OF A WITTY RETORT THAT THE ABBOT OF PURNSEY MADE UPON A DUTCHMAN

"Rotterdammerung," said the Abbot of Purnsey.

### Tells OF WHAT BEFELL

In the tiltyard the sun shone gaily upon pennon and pennant. The lists were full and from all sides came the stamp of chargers and the splintering of shafts and the clang of armourers as they patched their customers. Twenty-six Unknown Knights were challenging Lord Parkyn de Vaux, hoping to win the glove of the Lady Alicia. Little did they wot that she had been walled into the Buttery of Pontefract Castle and her gloves escheated to the Crown.

### Tells OF THE SAD FATE OF ETHELWOLD THE TURNSPIT

He was recognized as the long-lost heir to the Honour of Purnsey and forced to become a knight of the Shire, perpetual host to the Prince-Bishop of Durham and leader of the vanguard whenever the Might of England charged the Might of France.

### Tells HOW THE REBELS MET SHORT SHRIFF FROM MY LORD

"Guilty," said My Lord.





**Tells OF AN ENCOUNTER "TWIXT BLUECHIN AND  
FRANKLIN JAY**

"Twack!" went the cudgels.  
"Have at each other," cried the bystanders.  
"Olé," sang a jongleur.  
"Can any wight guide my footsteps to the Court  
Leet?" asked a passing friar.

**Tells OF THE FLIGHT OF SAUL PENTREFOL IN THE  
GOOSEYARD**

Now it happened that Alderman Fitzjoy and  
Alderman Brudge were in search of conies to refurbish  
the fur of their tippets when they spied a dolorous  
figure.

"Dost notice the fellow's plight, Master Cord-  
wainer?" inquired the taller of the pair.

"Aye, that I do, Master Loriner," replied the  
shorter.

**Tells IN WHAT WISE DAME GRAMMERCY DE VAUX  
EXECUTED THE MISSION**

"Well done, headman," cried the Chatelaine of  
Pontefract Castle.



**Tells OF WHAT MAY PASS BETWEEN COCKCROW AND  
VESPERS**

The Knight of the Black Vizard swung the hermit  
on to his saddlebow.

"I trow," said he.

"I trow not," said the hermit.

**Tells HOW ONE WHO WOULD NOT SING FOR HIS  
SUPPER WENT EMPTY TO BED**

The scaling-ladders were in place and the siege  
went merrily forward, while seated before the silken  
pavilion the Earl of Rutland encouraged his serjeants  
by bidding the trumpeters blow many a stirring blast.

"I vow," he muttered, "that the Lady Alicia shall  
be unvalled ere the sun has set beyond the battlements.  
Sing, minstrel."

"I have a rheum," said the minstrel.

"Then shall you go supperless to bed," said the  
Earl with a great bellow of mirth.



From the roof of the keep, Dame Grammercy  
hurled defiance at the skies. An immediate shower of  
rain cooled the boiling oil as it stood in great cauldrons  
upon the ramparts.

**Tells WHEREFORE BLUECHIN LOOSED AN ARROW  
SECRETLY BY NIGHT**

When the Knight of the Black Vizard spurred his  
horse into the inn yard, he took but smallish heed of a  
beggar who huddled by the door with downcast mien.  
Throwing the reins to one ostler, the stirrups to another  
and the saddle to a third, he drew his sword and, calling  
for the Host, bade him produce a wild boar's head  
served proper with parsley and a stoup of mulled  
mullet unless he would be run through his vitals. At  
this brusquerie, the beggar lifted his head and, fitting  
an arrow to a bow he bore concealed beneath his  
gaberline, sent the shaft flying into a pigeon which,  
falling, knocked the sword from the Knight's mailed fist.

"Thank ye, honest friend," said the landlord,  
ignorant of to whom he spoke.

**EPILOGUE**

"May the Torturer's Apprentise practise upon thee,  
Saul Pentrefol," said Lord Parkyn de Vaux, captiously.

R. G. G. PRICE



## TENNIS IN THE PARK

THERE's the sort that plays at tennis, and the sort that watches them play,  
 And where there's one there's the other, for the world was made that way;  
 Not that you'd call it watching, quite, it's more that we happen to be  
 A-strolling along the cinder-path and a-thinking about our tea  
 And——

*Tennis, O tennis, the game of games and her own true followers we!*

'Course, you don't want to look, not look, none of that standing about,  
 Enough idea of themselves already, or so we figure it out  
 As we fetch up sharp for a service; poor old Pie Face there,  
 Bit of a Jonah, though, that's us; funny, we always were,  
 Funny how——

*O the flashing racket, bird of the summer air!*

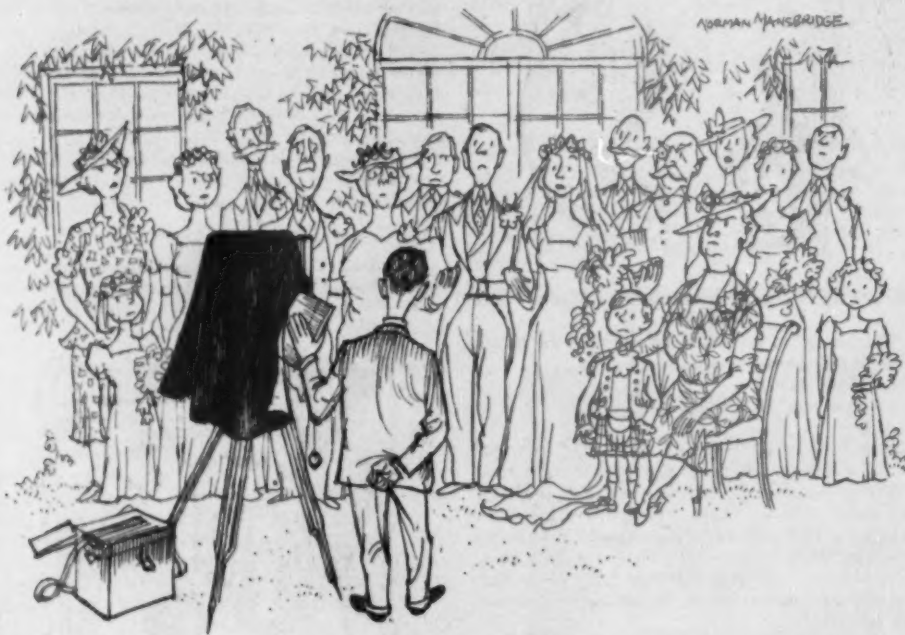
And another thing that's funny, how never a shot goes wrong  
 But we a-shuffling past outside could have told them all along;  
 Mind you, the net's the trouble, and not so much the height,  
 Not even the nets you see round here, a-ratcheted good and tight,  
 As the fact that——

*O and the thrill and——*

All right, all right, all right!

*O and the thrill and the rapture of the moment rare and sweet  
 When the ball sails over the high wire-fence, bang at our very feet!  
 And we pick it up and we flex our arm just as the cricketers do,  
 And stepping back on the irises—there, and we've made it too!  
 And then, with a nod and a casual smile to show it was nothing, we  
 Turn our steps to the cinder-path and our minds to home and tea.*

ANDE



"Now how about one of you taking one with me in it?"



DAVID  
ANDERSON

## THE LETTERS WEMNICK GAVE

"WELL, this is what they sent us, Mr. Burlap," said the assistant manager. The ends of his tie brushed the ink-bottle as he leaned over the manager's desk and spread out some duplicated type-written sheets. "Apart from the usual stills, of course—I've got those downstairs. This is what they suggest for the marquee. But the trouble is—"

Mr. Burlap bent his heavy shell-rimmed spectacles over the papers, and the others at the Friday-morning conference—the Stupendous regular signwriter, the commissionaire and the stout lady who bossed the cleaners—gazed apathetically at the top of his bald head. There was no sound for some moments apart from his heavy breathing and the crack of a hammer in the corridor outside, where the handy-man was tacking a carpet.

"Right," said Mr. Burlap at length, leaning back to pant and mop his forehead. "But you don't mean the marquee, you know, Henry. The marquee is up top where we put the title of the film and the stars' names. This stuff

goes round the edge of the . . ." He cleared his throat self-consciously. ". . . the edge of the porte-cochère. Should look quite well—and we need something good there to attract people if this weather keeps up. 'Zing! Zing!'" he murmured reflectively. The sign-writer jumped.

"But the trouble is—" repeated the assistant manager. He looked extremely worried. "I don't think we can do it."

"Not do it?"

"I find that five of those movable letters we stick round the edge of the . . . the porte-cochère have disappeared."

The manager swept off his glasses and stared.

"Can't think how it happened, Mr. Burlap: just five of those that don't happen to be used in this week's announcement. Several copies of each, too. I think—"

"Do you mean we need them for this?" Mr. Burlap tapped the paper.

"Yes, I checked. It's impossible without them."

"But we must use this one with 'Zing! Zing!' in it—first-rate selling

publicity, just what we need this weather: jolly 'em along, pack 'em in," said Mr. Burlap. "'Zing! Zing!'—I like that. Shows 'em it's a musical."

A look of uneasiness appeared on the face of the commissionaire, who for the last musical had had to vary his announcements with tunes on a tin whistle.

"Can't we do 'Zing! Zing!'" asked Mr. Burlap.

"Well, no. N and Z are both missing."

"But this is an outrage." The manager looked accusingly at the stout lady. "Is this your people, Mrs. Gumm?"

"Not mine, Mr. Burlap. We never go near where them things are kept. Where are they kept, Mr. Criff?"

"No, it's not the cleaners," said the assistant manager to Mr. Burlap. "They're just lost. But I tell you what we might do," he added. "Wemnick is a good craftsman at this kind of stuff."

"Wemnick!"

"Give him the measurements and a specimen, he could turn out some perfectly good letters in wood by to-morrow."

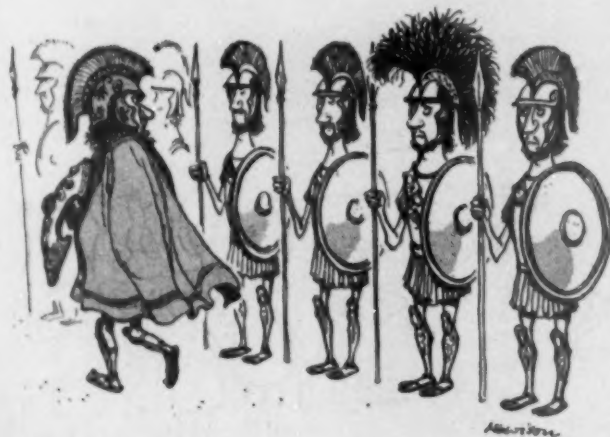
Wemnick was the handy-man, so-called because that, or something like it, was the way he pronounced the words "Wait a minute."

"But Wemnick," Mr. Burlap said. "Wemnick is just an odd-job man." He pointed through the wall in the direction of the hammering sound. "Cleaning the box-office windows, putting down carpets, things like that. He—"

"I assure you he's a real craftsman, Mr. Burlap," said Criff eagerly. "Don't you remember that model bee we had in the foyer for Honey-Bath-Bunch? He did that."

"Is B one of the letters we want?"

"No, I mean—No, anyway, I'm quite sure Wemnick can let us have some usable letters by to-morrow morning. Say the word and I'll take him off that carpet and tell him to get started."



"Haircut!"



Mr. Burlap fiddled with his glasses and looked dubious. "I don't know, it's irregular. But—well, I suppose we have no choice. All right."

Criff made for the door and went out. The hammering stopped. Inside the manager's office the conference proceeded, and after a time Criff came back looking, as far as his face permitted it, relieved.

"He'll do it," he announced. "He wasn't keen, because he always takes his wife out on Friday evening, but he'll do it. We can have the letters, three of each, to-morrow morning."

It was, in fact, twelve noon on Saturday when Wemnick's letters arrived. He stood by proudly while the assistant manager unwrapped the newspaper round his little package.

"All right!" he beamed as the letters were revealed. He watched Criff's face. "Well, you don't look very pleased, I must say. Here I sweat half through the hottest night of the year—up at five I was too—"

"But Wemnick," said Criff, appalled, staring at the letters. There were five, three copies of each, neatly made of wood, smoothed, rounded and enamelled on one side, and with a set of small wire hooks firmly fixed in the other: a beautiful job, except that of the five, three—N, S and Z—were mirror-images of what they should have been.

"What's up?"

"Wemnick, three of these are the wrong way round."

"Wrong way round?"

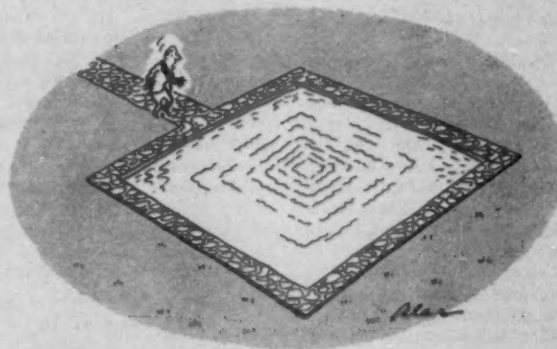
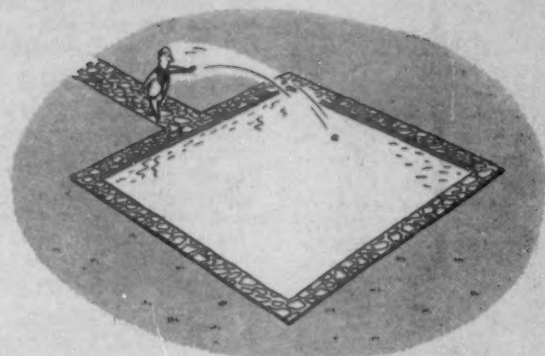
"Can't you see that?" Criff held up the N by its hooks.

"Wemni—'s an N, ain't it? Ain't nothing else, is it?"

"But it ought to go the other way," said Criff.

"Wemni—listen," said Wemnick, tapping Criff's chest. "How much edge-cation you think there is in a place like this? I'd never notice that myself, ain't nobody else'll notice it."

"But—" Criff picked up the Z and the S in his other hand and held the three out hopefully. "You could just do these again, couldn't you? By to-morrow?"



Wemnick was now quite angry. "Give up my afternoon off for a thing like that? I realize how long them things take! I tell you nobody won't notice... What you get for trying to do a bloke a favour," he growled, slouching out of the door.

"Wemnick! No, Wemnick!"

It was no use. Criff took the letters in to the manager's office and said "Look at that."

"My God," said Mr. Burlap, when the facts had sunk in. "Well, we can't do 'Zing! Zing!', that's certain anyway. What can we do?"

After a concentrated pause Criff said "Wham! Wham!"

"What?"

"We might try 'Wham! Wham!'"

"Nonsense, Henry. This is a musical, not a thickear meller... We have to resign ourselves to the fact: there just isn't anything

as—" (he coughed) "—daintily as 'Zing! Zing!' We want something with woman appeal."

"General appeal."

"General, but particularly woman. All these suggestions—" Mr. Burlap stirred the foolscap sheets. "—all of them have S or N in them somewhere, even if not Z..."

Criff looked over his shoulder and pointed.

"No," Mr. Burlap said. "'And,' look. And 'super.' And another 'and.' 'Singing,' too. Even 'music.' 'Tune,'" he ended on a note of despair. He mopped his brow unhappily and suggested "Couldn't we use this week's line again? What's this week's line?"

"Out of the question, I'm afraid, Mr. Burlap," said Criff. He intoned: "'Thrill to the Drama of a Great Epic of the foe.' It wouldn't



"Dash it!"

fit," he said, resuming his normal voice.

"But we must find something. Something *strong*," Mr. Burlap moaned, looking through the window at the empty, deep-blue sky.

"Laughter," said Criff after a little. "Let's plug 'laughter.' And you know we don't need all these 'ands' anyway..."

Slowly, word by word, they began to produce something possible, and by the time they gloomily left at about half-past two the exhortation to go round the edge of the porte-cochère was settled.

"It isn't good," Mr. Burlap said, "but it's the best we can do with our limited vocabulary. And it may pull in the people—you never know exactly what *will* hit them."

By the following Sunday they were quite convinced that they had made a good job of it after all. It had been a week of stupefying heat, and yet so far from losing business the Stupendeon was even a little up on average takings. On Sunday morning Mr. Burlap, driving his wife into town for lunch, stopped his car outside the cinema as he saw Wemnick polishing the glass of the box-office.

Wemnick, who had sulkily kept out of everybody's way all the week, stared suspiciously at the reflection of Mr. Burlap getting out of the car and mounting the half-dozen steps.

"Ah, Wemnick!" Mr. Burlap

was very affable. "We had an excellent week after all."

"Did?" said Wemnick sourly, half-turning round.

"I wanted to thank you—we did use two of the letters you made, though not the ones you—not the other three. Very nice job, Wemnick."

Wemnick now turned quite round, looking puzzled. "Wemni"—last week's picture was the one you wanted them letters for!" he said. "Where j'use them letters, then?"

"Round the porte-cochère. Round there," said Mr. Burlap, pointing.

"Blow me, I never seen no letters up there," said Wemnick, much interested. He shuffled down the steps to see, with Mr. Burlap in pursuit, and stood looking up at the latest legend. "Words, cor... Never seen that. We came Friday night, like always, too."

"You didn't notice?"

"Cor, don't pay no regard to

that stuff. We go to the pictures," Wemnick explained. "Tell you the truth, Mr. Burlap, I can't never keep awake there either. Take m' seat, settle down, then right away—zzz, zzz." He imitated a snore.

"Didn't your wife notice either?"

"Cor, no. She just likes comin' to the old Stupe, never get her to go anywhere else. People tell her there's a good picture on at the Regal, the Odeon—she can't be bothered. Oh, most people's like that. Always see the same crowd at the Stupe... Blow me, I wish I'da knew them letters was on view somewhere last week," said Wemnick regretfully. "Ain't none of mine here, is there? All new ones come in Friday, dint they? Ah... I'd like to shown a few people, though. Ten to one nobody seen 'em at all, stuck up there. Wemni—what you stick 'em up there for, then?"

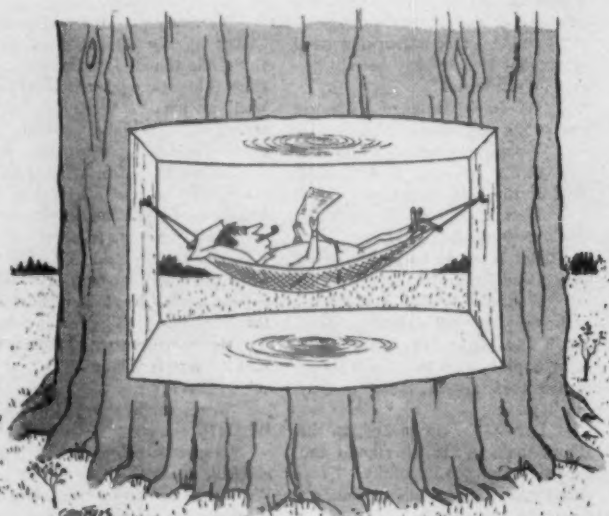
"Oh," said Mr. Burlap, turning sadly back to his car, "decoration."

RICHARD MALLETT

#### ACHIEVEMENT

"I DID forty-six in top up Hangman's Scar!"  
Did you? Or was it possibly the car?

J. R.



# SPECIAL EDITION

"HIPSWIVEL," whispered Lord Chaffe.

Sir John Hipswivel opened one eye. "What?"

"I believe me newspaper's written in Senegalese."

"Nonsense."

"It's certainly not English."

"Here, let me see." He looked.

"By Jove, yes, you're right."

"Is yours the same?"

"I don't know." He picked up his folded newspaper from the arm of the chair. "Is that Senegalese?"

"No. It looks like Arabic."

"Curious."

"Very." He turned to a fat member. "Gussy."

Gussy looked cross. "Yes?"

"What language is your newspaper written in?"

"My dear chap—"

"Are you sure?"

"Sure? What language do you think it's in? Greek?"

"Well, look at it. That's not English."

"Not English? Why no—no, it's not. Well, I'm—"

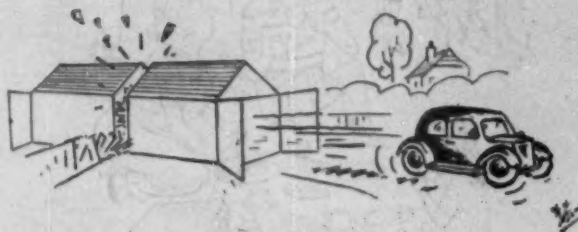
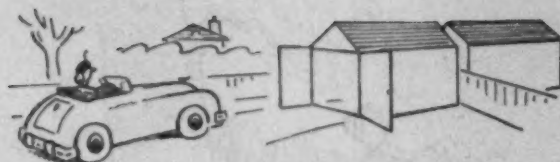
"Someone's slipped up," said Lord Chaffe ominously.

"The secretary," said Sir John with relish.

"He should be told."

"Indeed he should."

They rose slowly, like two men about to do a pleasant duty, and as they went out they examined the



paper lying over Colonel Bitterton's face. It was the *Berlingske-Tidende*.

"That settles it," snapped Sir John.

They accosted the secretary in his office. Sir John spoke first.

"Chauntrey. Have you looked at your paper to-day?"

Chauntrey frowned. "No. I haven't got to blackball poor old Edwards again, have I?"

"I hope not. Where is your paper?"

"Oh, I don't know. Somewhere about. Under that cushion."

Lord Chaffe pulled it out and opened it. "Do you usually read *Præda*?"

"Certainly not. Why?"

"Because this is a copy."

"It can't be."

"Look for yourself."

"Well, how very extraordinary! I wonder how that happened."

"So do we. There doesn't seem to be an English paper in the club."

"But there must be. I haven't ordered any foreign ones. Let's look in the rack."

The rack was empty.

"I should think they'll all be out."

They crept around the lounge, examining each paper. General "Humpty" Giles snored over

*Investiga*. Admiral Bownes had his hands folded peacefully on *Le Figaro*. Lord Goff seemed to be reading a copy of *Kölnische Zeitung* and the Right Honourable Jervise Monkeroff stared glassily at *Il Giornale d'Italia*.

"This is terrible," whispered Chauntrey as they crept out again. "If they ever find out there'll be the most ghastly upheaval. What shall I do?"

"Do! Get in touch with your source of supply, man," barked Sir John angrily.

Chauntrey looked up a number and dialled it. "Hallo. What? Yes, Bootes Club here. Bootes Club. Why have you sent us a mass of foreign papers to-day?" He paused. "Bootes Club, B-o-o-t-e-s, Bootes Club. Eh? What's that? No, of course we're not a foreign languages club. Never have been." Then, as he listened, his face whitened and he stared at his companions with despair in his eyes. He put the receiver down without uttering another word.

"What's wrong, Chauntrey?" asked Lord Chaffe.

"They've always thought we were some sort of foreign languages club," he whispered. "We've been getting them for the past fifteen years."



"... Ah yes, and it was love at first sight."



"There goes a car with exactly  
the same number as ours."

## RED BLOBS ON THE MAP

More News from the Château Country

"YOU must have posted all the cards, I meant to keep."

"You seem to have dozens there."

"They are nearly all of the same place. It is difficult to remember which château was which without a photograph."

"Oh, I don't know . . ."

"Well, for instance, Usé was very like one of the others. I can't remember which. They were both that lovely honey colour."

"Oh, but I remember Usé very well. A scorching day, and we found that little bistro, dim and cool as a dungeon, and we both drank a bottle of Vouvray straight off the ice. Wonderful . . ."

"Yes, but the château . . ."

"Oh, the château—well, wasn't it the one with a staircase specially constructed for horsemen—horses

included? Couldn't quite see the point . . ."

"No, that was Amboise. I remember distinctly. It was the day we thought we were too late for a decent lunch, and we had the best since 1898. There was that glorious thing, you can't have forgotten, called *quiche Lorraine*—"

"Ah yes. Mmm . . . that was a very subtle arrangement of ham and egg. And there was a chicken there too, from some celestial farm-yard, with mushrooms. So that was Amboise. Well, as I was saying, Usé must have been that one with a moat."

"They've all had moats so far."

"Well, yes, but not such obvious ones."

"I'm sure you're wrong. The one you are thinking of is Langeais."

Remember the note on the port-cullis saying 'Guide is gone for only thirty minutes'!"

"Of course, and we found a *pâtisserie* aptly called A La Bonne Heure . . ."

"Where you sank five almond-cream cakes and two enormous chocolate truffles, although you always tell everyone that you never eat sweets."

"When I said that, I was thinking of Mrs. Maggs' rock buns. Quite a different thing."

"Perhaps you're right. But what about Usé?"

"What about Usé? Oh. Was it the one we couldn't get into because Monsieur le Duc was in residence?"

"No, that was Laynes. I know, because I've got a postcard of it here, and I remember seeing the butler or someone shaking a cloth or something out of one of those slit windows."

"Curious thing for a butler to do."

"I expect he was a French butler."

"Very likely. You know, that struck me as a bit odd. A Duc in residence at the châteaux. I thought they all belonged to the Republic now, except the odd ones bought up by American Gadget Kings."

"One of them belongs to a Spanish grandee. At least I think that's what the man said."

"Which man?"

"That little man on the bus who kept calling the châteaux 'Inestimable pearls of Touraine.'"

"Good lord, did he really? Well, perhaps the inestimable pearl of the Spanish grandee is Usé. Anyway, we'll look for some more postcards when we go through Tours to-morrow."

"Are we going through Tours to-morrow?"

"Yes, we must—to get to that red blob on the Michelin map which is worth a detour."

"Which red blob?"

"I can't remember the name of the place . . ."

"Is there a château there?"

"I don't know—but the speciality of the house is a Tournedos Louis XIV."

"Oh!"





"He only does it to start us all off."

## UNCLE PERCIVAL

I TOOK the lane to dodge the main traffic, but I hadn't gone far before I saw my mistake. The sleek quarters of a big saloon brought me up short. It was moving, but moving very slowly, and there were other cars in line ahead. The lane was tortuous and narrow; a good-sized pram coming the other way could have caused a complete hold-up. Passing was out of the question.

By this time other cars had fallen in behind. I thought at first it might be a funeral procession, but the hats in front were against this.

They were restrained but not funereal. The effect was serious, almost intense. The reckless gaiety of conversation that characterizes the rear vehicles of a cortège was missing. With the experience I now have I could have recognized clothes and atmosphere instantly; but I was young then. Then I saw the long lines of cars moving downhill towards us. The thing was so unanswerable, and there were so many of us in the same boat, that I was conscious only of a speculative interest.

The lane turned again and hid the point of impact, but we kept on moving. Both lines of cars were being absorbed somewhere ahead. I followed the saloon's tail sharp left, and found another saloon moving in on my right. The gateposts were of red brick. There was no alternative, and by this time I was curious. The buildings were yellow brick piped with red; there were gables and fire-escapes. Parking was automatic; I just stopped between one saloon and the next. The men were in dark suits and looked edgy and self-conscious under a forced jocularity. The women were anxious, with fiercely competitive hats. Girls in uniform were everywhere. They hugged their mothers with one eye on the hat. I turned back and locked the car. So far I had acted automatically, but now, at large upon the gravel in rather grubby tweeds, I hesitated.

She had ginger hair; any more sensitive institution would have allowed her a dispensation from wearing the school tie. She walked up to me without any hesitation and said "Uncle Percival," more a statement than a question.

I said "Well, no, actually—" but she hugged me bonily; she smelt faintly of carbolic. She said, in my ear, "I know. But you *must*, please." She took me by the arm and we drifted into the Gothic hall, dark with the framed portraits of Victorian divines. The staircase was tightly wedged with hats ascending and descending. My tweeds were less visible in the press, but my woven tie was a blemish I could not hide. Also I suspected a streak of dirt on my forehead since I had blown out that jet.

The iron-grey hair was brushed back in beautiful order above the dominant nose, and the lips had the determined melancholy of the life-long teacher. The bell-like voice said "Ah, Miranda." Miranda said "Miss Mathers, my Uncle Percival." She spoke without a wobble. I whipped my eyes from the nearest frameful of whiskers and said



"Charteris" and bowed. We shook hands while I calculated furiously. "The bishop was a great-uncle of mine."

She said "Ah, a great name in the school. I did not know you had Charteris relations, Miranda."

Miranda said "I waan't really sure it was the same, Miss Mathers." Only modesty, she made it clear, had in fact prevented her from raising the matter before.

Steely fingers on my forearm told me that the interview was at an end. I bowed, and a tremendous hat behind me said "But Miss Mathers, what an improvement having the J.B.s in Wellington."

Miranda said "There," and indicated a door specially labelled for the occasion. "Your face," she added—"filthy." I went in. A small man in a blue suit peered into the dark glass over the basin, working in near-panic on a club tie. Miranda was right. My face was filthy, and my right hand carried a stench of petrol that I hoped had passed on by way of Miss Mathers to the tremendous hat.

He gave a final twist to the knot and a nervous giggle. My dirt and my episcopal relations gave me an overwhelming superiority. I looked pleasantly at myself in the glass and said "Big improvement having the J.B.s in Wellington, isn't it?"

In the silence I did not turn round, but moved my eyes to watch him in the glass. He was staring at my back as if I had twitched a tail. "Oh, yes," he said. He made for the door, laughing with the high, thin note of approaching hysteria. "Yes, indeed." He squared his shoulders, assumed a smile which, even from behind, was ghastly and went out.

I got off the worst of the dirt at my leisure and rejoined Miranda. By now I was all set to enjoy myself, and Miranda was excellent company. We forced our way into a sea of hats for the kind of meal that is known, not without reason, as a buffet lunch. Miranda ate everything she or I was entitled to except one sandwich which I kept for appearances' sake.

I apologized pleasantly to my neighbours when I bumped into them or when they bumped into me,



*"Don't look now, but I think we're being followed."*

and in the short intervals chatted urbanely on the transfer of the J.B.s into Wellington. I saw my blue-suited friend, and set off after him with the intention of seeking his views on the recent decision to move the S.C.s into Marlborough; but he showed an unexpected turn of speed and got away, though only at the expense of his trifle, which he was forced to jettison behind the bust of Florence Nightingale, whence it was eagerly redeemed by Miranda.

The gallery was breathless with heads, presumably of girls who, unlike Miranda, had no relations visiting them and could not therefore take a hand at the buffet. They did not move so much as their eyelids, staring down into the seething hall with a detached and malevolent interest. In all that late - nineteenth - century building they were the only genuine Gothic.

We put the trifle plate back on the marble pedestal and worked steadily towards the door. A child with the face of a blonde angel drifted alongside. She smiled at Miranda and gave me a quick upward flash of blue. She said "Beefy's got spots and been popped in the sicker." "Whacko," said Miranda. We drifted apart.

Back by my great-uncle's portrait I said "What next?"

"Oh, speeches and things. You needn't stay if you don't want to."

"No tea?"

"Nothing much. And Jennie

can get it from the kitchen. She's cracked on Cook." Jennie was evidently the blonde.

We walked to the car. "Tell me one thing, Miranda," I said. "Where is Uncle Percival?"

"Goodness knows. Probably killed himself on the road." She laughed merrily.

I said "I might have been for someone else."

"Not in that suit," said Miranda.

"I see. Well, I must go anyhow.

Thank you, Miranda."

Miranda said "Thank you."

The lane was clear now, and I had a lot of time to make up; but it was the other man who was driving too fast. The damage was not serious, though his saloon still had looks to spoil.

He was wearing a dark blue suit; but it was the ginger hair and club tie that clinched it.

I said "In a hurry?"

He said "I was, as a matter of fact."

"They're just starting the speeches."

"You've got away quick."

There was a note of admiration in his voice.

I said "Well, no damage. You'll just do it."

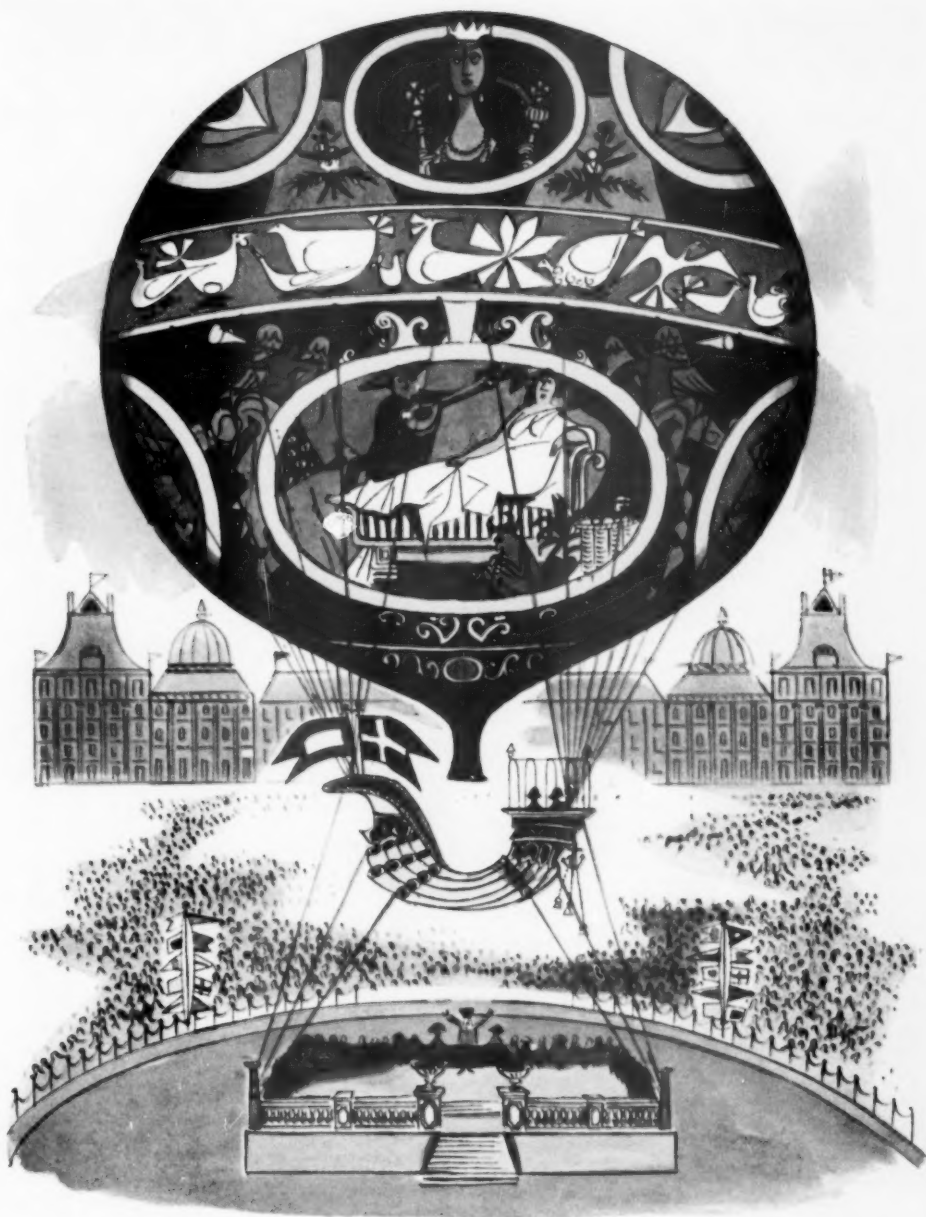
We got into our cars, backed clear and edged past each other. I called out "By the way, the J.B.s are in Wellington."

"Good show," shouted Uncle Percival. We accelerated as one.

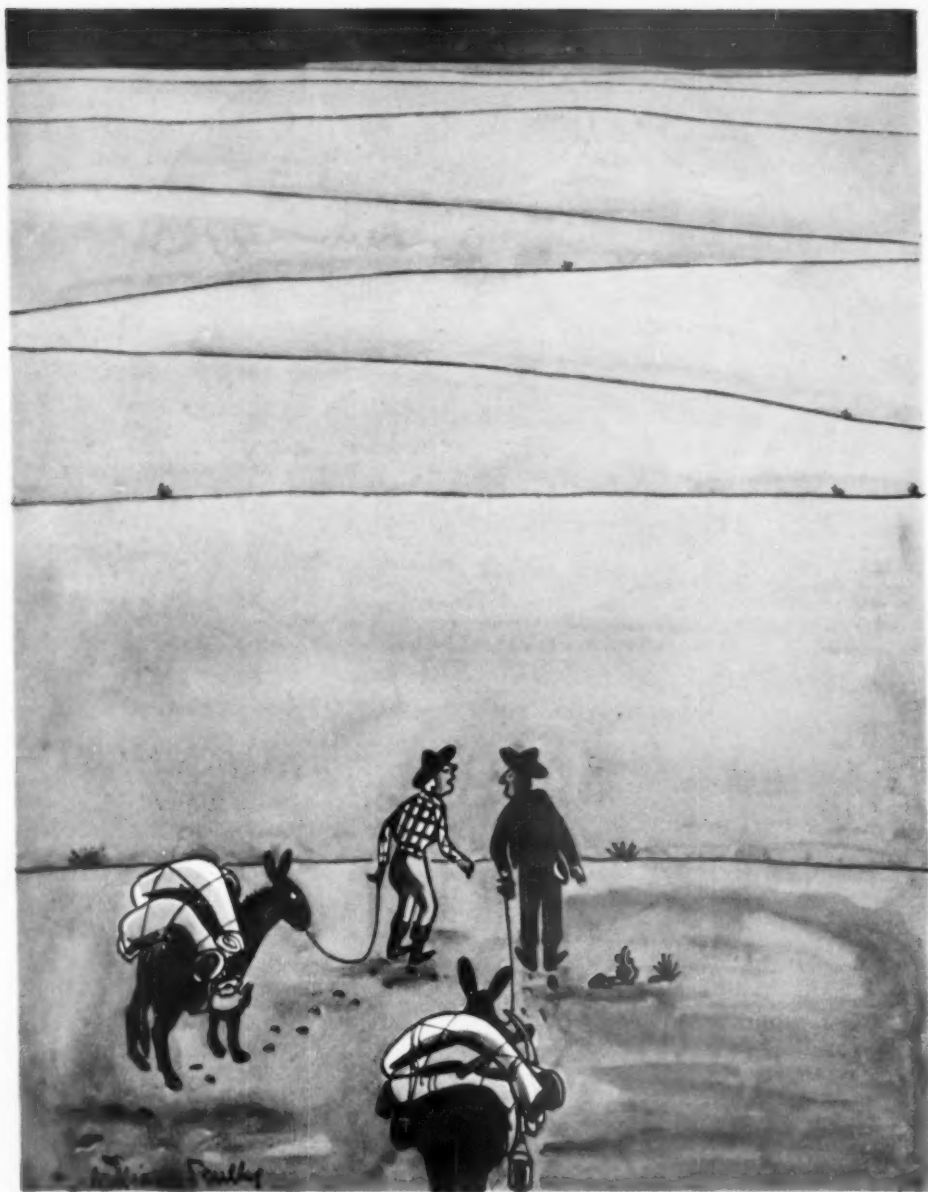
P. M. HUBBARD







*"... and so we witness to-day a unique marriage of Science and Art"*



*"Somehow it's just as I imagined it."*

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 30s. Overseas, 30s. (U.S.A. \$5.20; Canada, 34s. or \$5.00).

# Better jellies

*more quickly*

## this way

1



Nothing sticky to handle—just tip the crystals out of the packet.

*They always turn out a treat*

2



Seal. They dissolve at once.

3



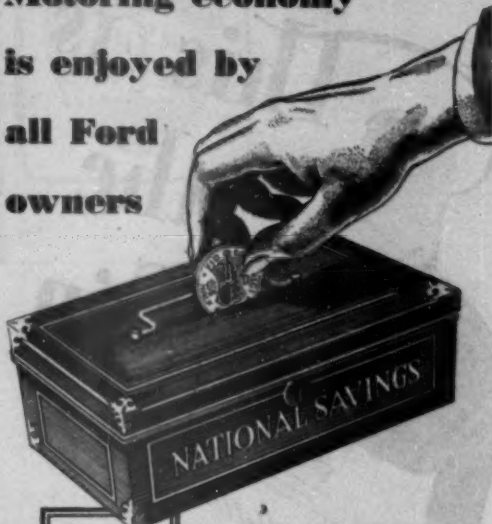
They always set—they're always clear. And such delicious flavours.

STRAWBERRY  
ORANGE  
LEMON  
RASPBERRY  
GREENGAGE



**MONK  
AND  
GLASS**  
Table Jellies

**Motoring economy**  
is enjoyed by  
**all Ford**  
**owners**



*This economy is expressed in the following manner:—*

- ★ Low initial cost. ★ Low running costs.
- ★ Spare and mechanical repairs at low fixed charges.
- ★ Ford Engine and Parts Exchange Plans, 'Make-Sure' service etc., all save money for Ford-owners. ★ Long, economical car-life.

*Endo*

Our genuine parts and accessories are now marketed under the trade mark Endo



**Ford**

MOTURING IS '5-STAR' MOTURING  
THE BEST AT LOWEST COST

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED · BAKENHAM



By Appointment  
Gin Distillers  
to the late King George VI

*Quality  
Incomparable*

# Gordon's

*Stands Supreme*

Maximum Prices: Per Bottle 33/9; Half-Bottle 17/7  
Quarter-Bottle 9/2; Miniature 3/7. U.K. only



## BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



*Marcovitch*

## BLACK AND WHITE

*cigarettes for Virginia smokers*  
25 for 5/5

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**  
**SMOKING MIXTURE**  
2 oz. tin 9/6

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD





## Care and Courtesy

This garage man uses a felt drip-pad to protect the surface of the car. That is one of many examples of the care and consideration which go into the SHELL and BP Service. So—whenever you think of your car, think of the people who look after it best. Stop at the sign of

## Shell and BP service★

★ Ask your garage to tell you how new SHELL X-100 Motor Oil fights Acid Action, main cause of engine wear.



"... and don't forget the Bank"

Every holiday or business journey starts with a call at the Bank. No one can even begin to move without money and—if it be foreign travel—without advice as well. A Bank, you know, gathers a great deal of information about countries overseas and is happy to pass this on to the customer so that loss and other unpleasant surprises are avoided.

**DISTRICT BANK**  
LIMITED

*Smartness doesn't end with clothes....*



only ANTLER soft-top "personal" cases can add that final touch of elegance. They're light, so finely finished, sensibly styled, with lovely linings to enhance discreet colours. Yet they're surprisingly reasonable in price.

*ask for*

**ANTLER**

from ANTLER Authorized DEALERS.



J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 3.

**FOR FACES  
& PLACES**



You can't go wrong with  
Selochrome — you get a  
good picture every time.

**ILFORD**  
SELOCHROME  
**FILM**



# Gracious living at its best



For full information apply to:  
Pier Head, Liverpool, 1 (Central 9201)  
11, Lower Regent St., London, S.W. 1.  
(Whitehall 7890)  
80 Leadenhall St. E.C. 3 (Avenue 5010),  
or the principal travel agencies.

What a joy it is to relax; what masters of relaxation are Cunard. In these great ships you enjoy precious days that have no equal ashore. Atlantic air, convivial company, wines, cocktails, all conspire to brace and soothe you and prepare the way for meals that are truly superb. From every corner of Europe, from the U.S.A., from the East, a thousand culinary delights have been gathered. The steaks, generous and tender, the sherberts, soufflés, Crêpes Suzette . . . there is no end to the delicious offerings of chef and confectioner. There is restful quiet or sparkling gaiety. Games, cinema, shopping de luxe, carnival and dance, laughter and well-being; all blend in one glorious, unforgettable experience. Your Cunard days are indeed gracious living at its best.

# Cunard

— your way across the Atlantic



THE "QUEENS"—LARGEST AND FASTEST LINERS IN THE WORLD

# 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

Every month Britain's railways carry more than 22 million tons of goods, and the marshalling of this enormous traffic requires powerful shunting locomotives of the utmost reliability. 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' diesel-electric shunters, handling loads of hundreds of tons, are doing this job 24 hours a day — not only in Britain but on railways all over the world.



## bringing you

In the monthly total of freight transported by Britain's railways are 4½ million tons of food and general merchandise for the shops.

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' plays a vital part in ensuring that your meat, fish, fruit and vegetables are delivered regularly and on time—one more example of the many ways in which The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company brings electric power to the service of millions of people.



## better



## living





## Lounge Suits

The beauty of ready-to-wear is that you can see the suit on and satisfy yourself as to fit, colour, pattern, cloth, before you buy.

**MOSS BROS**  
OF COVENT GARDEN  
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick & Bedford Streets, W.C.2  
Temple Bar 4477 AND BRANCHES



## Popular Choice



"Black & White" owes its ever-increasing popularity to its high and consistent quality, and the special "Black & White" way of blending fine Scotch whiskies. The result is a drink that adds refreshment to enjoyment as no other can. No wonder people choose "Black & White" time and time again.

**'BLACK & WHITE'**  
SCOTCH WHISKY  
*The Secret is in the Blending*

By Appointment  
to the late King George VI



Scotch Whisky Distillers  
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd



FROM THE SIMPLE DIGNITY of the modified radiator and lamp treatment to the separate lock-up compartment now provided for the spare wheel, giving an unobstructed floor to the very large boot, the 1952 version of the Rover Seventy-Five reflects a steady advance in the quality of design and finish which has for so many years been the hallmark of a Rover car.



The  
**ROVER**  
*Seventy Five*

MADE BY THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED • SOLIHULL • BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • LONDON  
C7D-16\*

THE WORLD'S GREATEST  
BOOKSHOP

**FOYLES**  
FOR BOOKS



ALL NEW BOOKS available on day of publication. Secondhand and rare Books on every subject. Stock of over 3 million volumes.

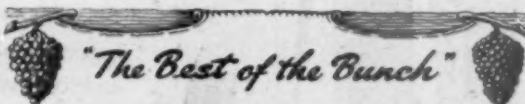
Poplar Record Dept. for H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone, Decca Long-Playing and all other makes.

Subscriptions taken for British, American and continental magazines and we have a first-class Postal Library.

We BUY Books, Stamps, Coins.

119-125  
CHANCERY CROSS ROAD  
LONDON WC2

General 5660 (16 lines)  
Open 9-6 (inc. Sat.)



**MACKENZIE'S  
FINO PERLA  
SHERRY  
and  
REGAL PORT**

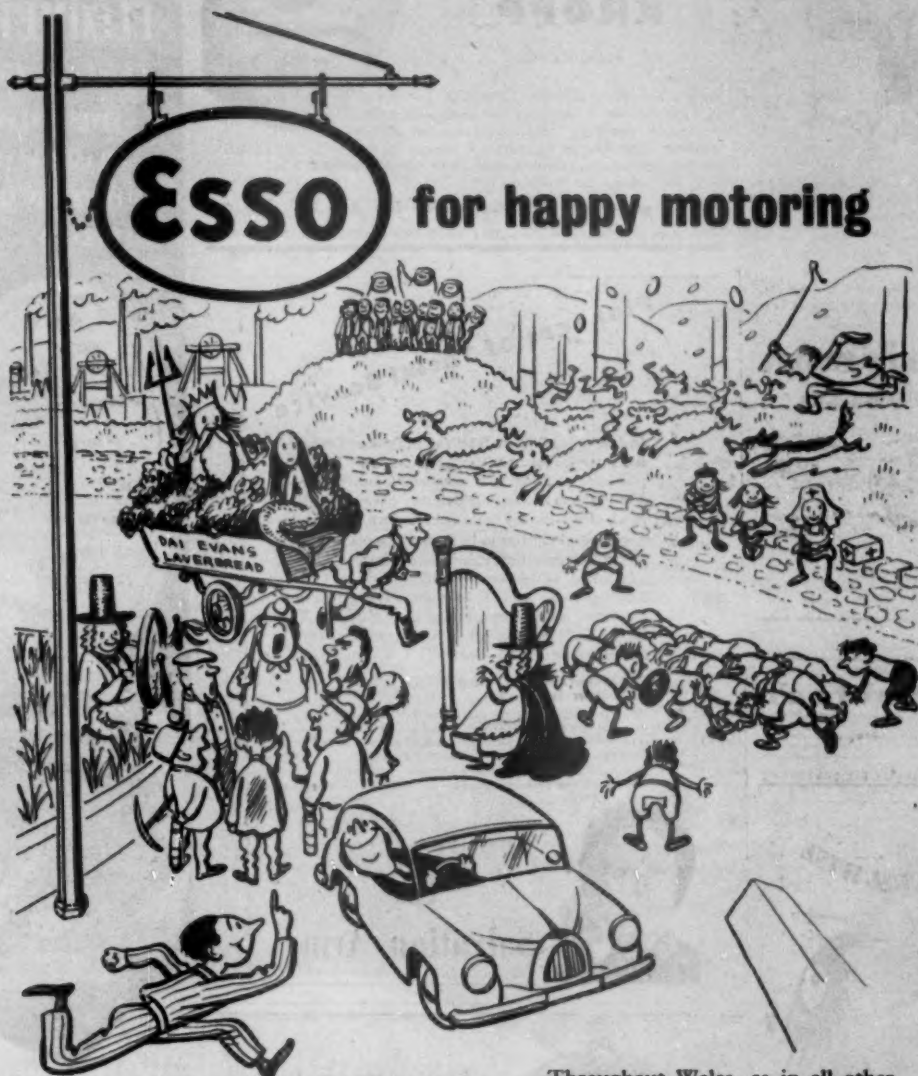


A  
*Good Beginning  
and a  
Perfect Ending  
to any meal.*



**MACKENZIE & CO., LTD.**  
20 • EASTCHEAP • LONDON • E.C.3. JEREZ & OPORTO





Throughout Wales, as in all other parts of Britain, Esso Dealers offer that courteous and efficient service which makes for Happy Motoring. Esso road map No. 4 covering this area is obtainable (*price 6d.*) from all Esso Dealers.





Of all the pleasures that one can find, the comfortable habit of the pipe is the most constant and enduring.

Without a vicious trait, it helps to make the rough smooth, to soften judgement, and lends a racy tint to life's spectacles.

And of all the Tobaccos that may be smoked there is one that excels in all good things—

## Chairman Tobacco



4/4

per oz.  
In 2 oz.  
vacuum  
tins and 1  
oz. packets.

Three strengths: Chairman, Medium, Boardman's, mild; Recorder, full. If any difficulty in obtaining, write to Chairman Sales Office, 24 Holborn, London, E.C.1.

49

## NO MORE DIRTY HANDS with dermoelean

Trade Mark

Put "Dermoelean" into the hands before doing dirty work in Garage, Garden or House. Ordinary washing then leaves hands clean and smooth. 2/- per box, incl. Tax. From all Chemists and Stores.

CLAY & ABRAHAM LTD. LIVERPOOL C.A. 108

BE PENCIL WISE

ASK FOR THEM AT YOUR LOCAL STATIONER

INSIST ON...  
"King's Own"  
DRAWING (GRAPHITEL)  
in 17 degrees (48 to 90°)  
HARD DRAWING COLOUR  
in 12 shades

CUMBERLAND PENCIL CO.  
NEWBURY

SOLE AGENTS: GUTHRIE & SUTHERLAND LTD., GLASGOW

just where a  
**KROPP**  
is needed!

Keep a Kropp on your bathroom shelf and (for 20/2 inc. tax) you'll keep your chin clean-shaven for the rest of your days. Really clean-shaven, with no scraping, scratching or soreness. A Kropp open razor is the perfect shaving instrument, hand forged from finest Sheffield Steel. Send 24d. stamp for brochure 160.

**KROPP - The Razor for the perfect shave**

OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO. LTD., 51-53 FRITH STREET, LONDON, W.1.

## Pioneers of Social Service

In developing William Booth's "In Darkest England" social service scheme, The Salvation Army has pioneered and expanded innumerable benevolent activities—so successfully that they have inspired much of present day State welfare work.

A great deal remains to be done: new plans must be put into operation, existing activities must be maintained. In this work of selfless devotion, The Salvation Army depends upon individual generosity. Donations and bequests are earnestly sought. Please send a gift to General Albert Orsborn, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

### Some Salvation Army Steps in Social Welfare

- 1884 Prison-gate homes for the regeneration of criminals.
- 1901 The first Children's Home opened for the neglected.
- 1910 The first Eventide Home for the aged established.
- 1913 The Mothers' Hospital opened at Clapton.
- 1926 Reconciliation Bureau set up to help estranged families.
- 1948 Mayflower Training Home for neglectful mothers opened.



WHERE THERE'S NEED —

The  
Salvation Army



King in its own Realm

Well merited by its  
Quality Unsurpassed

"King George IV"  
Old Scotch Whisky



THE DISTILLERS' AGENCY LIMITED - EDINBURGH

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICES AS FIXED BY THE SCOTCH WHISKY ASSOCIATION

## THE ELCOMETER

Thickness Gauge

GIVES INSTANT  
MEASUREMENT

CHECKS ON SUCH  
FILMS AS ...



Years of service have proved Elcometer reliability to industrial users all over the world. Designed to reduce wastage of time and materials, this self-energising instrument gives accurate readings to within  $\pm 5\% \pm .0001$  in. for all non-magnetic coatings on iron or steel bases and foils too, whether the surface is flat or curved.

EAST LANCASHIRE CHEMICAL CO., LTD.  
PAINFIELD 6 MANCHESTER

Distributors in: U.S.A., Canada, Brazil, Mexico, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, India, South Africa.





*Any complaints, Miss Henshawe?*

Making crockery and cutlery really clean is no longer the difficult problem it used to be. Efficient dishwashing methods require detergents with ingredients which soften water and prevent the deposition of film and scale. These are only some of the useful properties of Calgon—a phosphate product made by Albright & Wilson. Many proprietary dishwashing compounds now embody this practical answer to the demand for cleaner food.



*Chemicals for Industry*

**ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD**

49 PARK LANE · LONDON · W.1

www100

If your shirt's a  
**VANTELLA**



- ★ it has a Van Heusen unshrinkable neckband
- ★ Van Heusen semi-stiff cuffs that wear and wear
- ★ boneless, buttonless, always-smart Van Heusen Collars to match

All Vantella shirts are tailored coat style. Pattern card available.

COTELLA LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.1



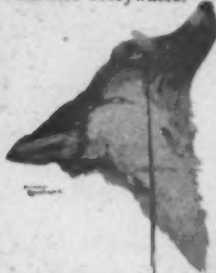
## DEXTER FELLOES

—as British  
as the weather,  
but reliable

The Dexter Foxhead Label attests the hidden worth as well as the faultless style, cut and wearing quality of the cloth.

Made and tailored in Scotland.

Obtainable from leading outfitters everywhere.



WALLACE, SCOTT & CO. LTD., CATHCART, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.



Shippers of  
fine wines  
for a century

SOLE IMPORTERS  
JOHN E. FELLOES & SONS LTD., LONDON, S.E.1

ROLLS-ROYCE  
fit  
**LODGE**  
SPARKING PLUGS

British made throughout by  
Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby



This *Gold Seal* on the LATEST and BEST CAR TYRES

*means*

**Greatest Strength**  
**Greatest Service**  
**Greatest Safety**  
**Greatest Saving**

**DUNLOP**

THE WORLD'S MASTER TYRE



# Wherever you go...

... take a Purma Plus

Here is the camera to take on holiday,—  
one which will give good pictures, even if you  
know little about photography. The PURMA PLUS  
is a "good" camera short of all complications, with  
only two external controls. Wind on the film and you set  
the shutter; press the button and you have your picture.

Double exposures are impossible. For beach  
scenes, mountain scenes and action pictures, the  
"fast" speed is a genuine 1/500th, so  
that the PURMA PLUS, with its focal  
plane shutter, is the fastest camera at  
anywhere near the price. The f/6.3 lens  
gives pictures in poor light, too, so that  
you get good results all the year round.

Films used are V.P. size, available  
everywhere. A complete range of  
accessories is produced for the PURMA

PLUS, including close-up lenses for distances  
down to 18", ever-ready case, filters, lens hood, cable release,  
flash gun, operated by contacts built into the shutter and a  
hold-all to carry accessories and film.

**The only Camera with  
3 Years' Guarantee**



**FAST.** Held thus, the  
PURMA PLUS gives you a  
speed of 1/500th, for brilliant  
landscapes, beach scenes and  
action shots.



**MEDIUM.** Held horizontally,  
the speed is 1/150th, the  
best for general use. A  
quarter turn of the release  
gives a "time" setting.

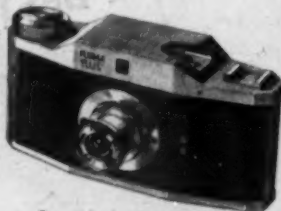


**SLOW.** In this position the  
slow speed of 1/25th, gives good  
pictures in poor light, very dull  
or rainy weather.

See and handle the PURMA PLUS for  
yourself at the nearest Photographic Dealers.  
Ask for illustrated brochure.

Sole Distributors:

PURMA CAMERAS LIMITED,  
BROCK HOUSE, LANGHAM STREET,  
LONDON, W.1. Tel.: LANGham 1735.



**PRICE 12 GNS**

(including Purchase Tax,  
Obtainable from all  
Photographic Dealers.)

**PURMA  
O  
PLUS**

PHOTOGRAPHS WITHOUT FUSS

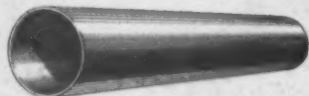
*Gilding the*  
**LILLET**  
*Curaçao or Anisette?*

Among people with perceptive palates there's quite a  
debate. Should a Gin and Lillet have a dash of Curaçao? By  
all means — if you like it that way. But in our experience  
the simplest and best cocktail — beyond all question — is  
2/3 Gin, 1/3 Lillet plus a dash of Marie Brizard Anisette  
for added piquancy. Try it — and settle the argument.

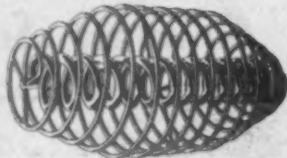
In the 1952 World Cocktail Competition, Lillet was a  
main ingredient in the 1st and 4th cocktails chosen.

Twiss & Brownings & Hallows Ltd., 5 Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4

## This carbon steel tube



can be manipulated to  
this



when you say  
**TALBOT STEAD**

Talbot Stead's experience in the making of cold-drawn  
seamless tubes is matched by their skill in manipulating  
them — to almost any requirement for almost every industry. COMPANY

TALBOT STEAD TUBE CO. LTD. • GREEN LANE • WALSALL





If you're angling for a beer with a 'plus', catch on to Double Diamond. Once you've tried it you'll take to it—hook, line and sinker! Always in perfect condition, there's nothing to beat a Double Diamond for putting you in the winning mood.



**A DOUBLE DIAMOND** works wonders



IND COOPE'S DOUBLE DIAMOND BREWED AT BURTON

Schweppshire Post, 1952



Some of us will be breathing a sigh of relief now that to its close draws High Summer. What a month it has been for all of us. Dutiful at Lord's, wise at the Horse Show, and surprised, once again, in the Stewards' Enclosure, at the mad rush of Henley, belying the leafy peacefulness of the River—Death in the Afternoon! One longs, now, to relax in the friendlier, impromptu atmosphere of Goodwood and breathe the air fresher of the sea, at Cowes. Yet how English it all is, how English we all are.

*Deb's Diary*

I arrived bright and early at the opening of the Schwepprelli show. Among men—yes, men—present were my friend Jock "Bingle" Bog-Boggs, and Tony Schwepp-Schweppingham, with whom I chatted.

**Schweptuagenarian SWIMS CHANNEL**

Aunt of Peer's Secretary fed with Tonic Water and Gravy

**SURPRISING INTERVIEW**

When questioned, Mrs. Boss was understood to say that she "didn't enjoy it, feet very tired," and "needed strong spectacles for threading a needle." Lord Fairchild, interested in the race, said "Good going."

**COMING OUT**

In H.M.S. Schweppshire

Miss Fiona Field, seen enjoying herself by the floodlit ha-ha in the grounds

**Charity Matinee**

AT THE SCHWEMBRASSY THEATRE

of Schwan House, is not the only one "just-out" present who can waltz

**INFORMAL EVENING**

at Schweptow Castle

a diamond tiara and take a tumble on skin with equal grace.

**Well-known Dog Lovers to Wed**

Sir Leonard Leg-Legge and his bride Miss Jones met through a mutual animal hobby. Yes, photographed below is her Uralian Setter, his Breton Half-shank Poodle.



**ALPINE WEDDING**



Johnny "Dalgardo" Phipps, once his hands are off the wheel of his Bentley, loves to scramble up the more fashionable peaks of the Piz Fränfrü. Guests applaud as his bride eagerly climbs Wedding Cake Mountain.

**WAGNERIAN WEDDING**



BLANKNESSE-FURTHERMORE. Lady Furthermore's younger daughter, keen horsewoman yet fond of books, plans a music career. Train-bearers, Wagnerianly attired, piquantly completed the "Ring" theme.

**SOUTHWARD BOUND**



Lady Bruce Wince Winchester, off to Schwischia

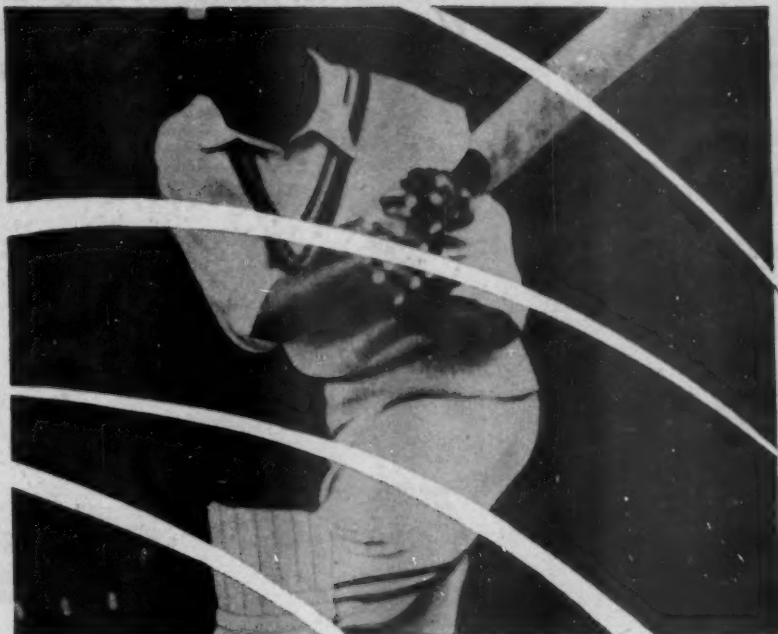


Miss Joan Crash, nineteenth cousin to the Earl of Schweppery, off to Schwischl



The Honorable Davina Crash, off to Aix-la-Schweppelle

Written by Stephen Potter, Drawn by Lewitt-Him



The eyes signal the fast long-hop outside the leg stump. The heels pivot . . the shoulders are square . . the arms sweep round, and follow through . . the bat superimposes its weight upon the ball's own impetus. **IT ALL ADDS UP TO** a hook that scatters the spectators beyond the square-leg boundary.

#### UNITED WE STAND


The team who work for AEI is sixty thousand strong—three times the strength of a British Army Division. In a year these people turn out enough electrical equipment to pay for a quarter of the nation's meat imports. The companies of Associated Electrical Industries working separately and together, pooling their knowledge, their experience, and their resources, are a fine example of *co-ordinated effort* for the public good.

These are the companies of AEI  
The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd  
Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd  
The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd  
Ferguson Pullin Ltd  
The Hotpoint Electric Appliances Co. Ltd  
International Refrigerator Co. Ltd  
Newton Victor Ltd  
Premier Electric Heaters Ltd  
Samsic Controls Ltd

IT ALL ADDS UP TO



Associated Electrical Industries



NOTICEABLY LOVELIER

Exquisite!  
The sheerest Pure Silk  
and so lasting.... she says.

# Pretty Polly

Fine Gauge Fully-Fashioned Stockings



## The Windak Juniors delightfully styled for freedom & comfort



**Junior Miss**  
A delightful sports blouse for the teenagers—zipped front, elastic waist, windproof, rain resistant and washable.

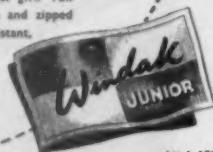


**Junior**  
Miniature of the Windak Golf Blouse—in fact just like Dad's and Mum's. Zipped front, elastic waist—windproof, rain resistant and washable.



**Swiss Miss**  
A jacket for the younger girl. Full skirted, gathered waist and zipped front. Again rain resistant, windproof and washable.

in a host of  
lovely colours



In case of  
difficulty, please  
write for name of  
nearest stockist

WINDAK LIMITED, WOODSIDE POYNTON, CHESHIRE



### Who's air-conditioned for comfort?



Genuine  
Aertex bears  
this label.



The unique Aertex weave, which is made up of thousands of tiny air cells, ventilates and keeps young people at a healthy comfortable even temperature... on scorching days as well as during cold spells. It's good that Aertex sports shirts and underwear for children are available again.

# AERTEX

Send this to: ADVERTISING MANAGER, AERTEX, 465 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1 for illustrated booklets.

Do you know the name of your nearest Aertex retailer?

YES NO

NAME

ADDRESS

QC

Walk with  
**Liberty**



Made in black, brown  
and blue suede.  
Price 66/6



A smartly designed Liberty shoe with a wide tread and slim-fitting heel. It holds your heel snugly whilst giving ample room for the perfect flexion of the front of your foot. Best quality is a real economy.

LADIES' SHOE MANUFACTURERS  
LIBERTY SHOES LTD., LEICESTER





THIS SIGN IS YOUR  
GUARANTEE OF VALUE

Well matched!

Pat. Pat.  
No. 126391/50

'Fender Edge'  
cases by

**NOTON**

WORKS: WALTHAMSTOW & OLDHAM. TRADE SHOWROOMS: 23 BROOK ST., W.1



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

**CHANEL**

LOVELY HAIR NEEDS SALON CARE

Who's *HER*  
hairdresser?



...obviously a  
*Jamal* Specialist

**Jamal**

THE FREEDOM WAVE  
MACHINELESS... KINDEST TO YOUR HAIR

LOOK FOR THE GENUINE VAPET AND THE FAMOUS JAMALOTIONS

*lovely hair needs Salon care*



The Norseman  
double-breasted, with  
in silver Raincoat,  
in finest quality wool  
galvanised.

## Norseman Quality Raincoats

for men's, ladies' and  
children's wear

Ask for a Norseman.  
High-class outfitters  
usually stock them.



Made by:  
A. B. HARGREAVES & CO. LTD.  
Viking Works, Sharnley, Lancs.



## BURMA CHERROOTS

"Call of the East"

Trials box of 20  
36/6  
post free



Imported  
direct from  
the native makers.

**GREENS LTD**

Wine & Cigar Merchants  
27 & 28 Royal Exchange, London, E.C.3  
We have samples for our detailed list of  
Burmese Wines at reasonable prices.



I love

MARIE BRIZARD  
**APRY**

the liqueur of  
the Apricot



★ Available from Wine Merchants and Exporters  
throughout the United Kingdom.

Sole Distributors: Twiss & Bromings & Halliwell Ltd.,  
1, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.



By Appointment Biscuit Manufacturers  
to the late King George VI.  
McVitie & Price Ltd.

## MACVITA

### Britain's Finest Crispbread

is the result of two things. First, MACVITA  
is made by McVitie & Price with all that means  
in terms of quality. Second, MACVITA is

made from Britain's finest wheat.

From there it derives all its nourishment  
and goodness. Eat it always, at breakfast and  
tea and at any other time.

MADE ONLY BY  
MCVITIE & PRICE LTD.  
EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER



## COLT cedar houses

Colt farmhouses and cottages are  
widely known and are immedi-  
ately available. Despite controls  
and shortages, Colt are also able  
to offer a comprehensive range  
of houses catering for all needs  
and designed to come within the Government regulations. Colt houses are classed  
as permanent and are supplied to various Government Departments. Write and enclose  
3/- for our Brochure showing plans, specifications and licensing procedure.

W. H. COLT, SON & CO., LTD., BETHERSDEN, KENT

## DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



**MUST FIND  
21,000  
MEALS  
EVERY DAY  
FOR THEIR  
FAMILY**

With 7,000 boys and girls to  
provide for, Barnardo's need  
a deep purse.

Please send a Gift of

**10/-**

for our children's food.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable to "Dr.  
Barnardo's Homes," should be sent to  
4 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway,  
London, E.1.

**STILL DEPENDENT ON  
VOLUNTARY GIFTS & LEGACIES**



**Wilkinson's**  
LIQUORICE ALLSORTS  
HAVE NO EQUAL

## Vent-Axia for Better Air Conditions



IN INDUSTRY  
IN COMMERCE  
IN AGRICULTURE  
IN THE HOME

Simplest  
form of controlled  
ventilation



VENT AXIA LTD., 9 VICTORIA ST., S.W.1  
Tel: Abbey 081 & 01 GLASGOW, MANCHESTER,  
BIRMINGHAM, LEEDS NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE



### BRIGHT AND EARLY

"Bonjour, M'sieu. This morning you are the early worm."

"Bird, Henri. And I propose to catch myself a delicious drink."

"Entendu. And after the banquet M'sieu is well?"

"Gay as a fusch, as you so picturesquely put it. Complete

recovery from a night of old-world jollity."

"And with the gin you took the Rose's Lime Juice?"

"Henri—you begin to comprehend the British train of life. Beaucoup de gin, beaucoup de Rose's. Here goes! First today..."

**ROSE'S**—for Gin and Lime

ROSE'S ALSO MAKE FINE FRUIT SQUASHES

# £4,159

## FOR YOU AT AGE 55

If you are not over 45, this is the plan (for women the benefits are slightly different). You make agreed regular monthly, quarterly, or yearly payments to the Sun Life of Canada. At 55 you will receive £4,159 plus accumulated dividends—or £240 a year for life and accumulated dividends. If you are over 45, the benefits are available at a later age.

**£3,000 FOR YOUR FAMILY.**—Should you not live to age 55, your family would receive £3,000 even if you had made only one payment under the plan.

**INCOME TAX SAVED.**—Income tax payers are entitled to the appropriate relief from tax on all premiums paid under this plan.

By filling up and sending the enquiry form (postage 1½d. if unsealed) you can obtain details suited to your personal requirements. Or letter will do. The plan can be modified to fit savings large or small, and the proportionate cash or pension is in most cases available at 50, 55, 60 or 65. It also applies to sons and daughters who would greatly benefit by starting now.

—To M. Macaulay

(General Manager for British Isles)

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA**

22, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1

I should like to know more about your Plan, as advertised, without incurring any obligation.

NAME

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS

Occupation

Exact date of birth

Punch 26/5/52

## Grace...Space...Pace

In many lands in many languages the world's press has paid generous tribute to the Jaguar. Let their words on the Mark VII Saloon speak for themselves. "Indescribable beauty..." remarkably modern, yet in impeccable good taste.<sup>1</sup> Its roomy body seats six in comfort.<sup>2</sup>

Four large suit-cases, four golf bags and other personal effects can be accommodated in the luggage boot with the lid closed.<sup>3</sup>

With its famous XK120 engine, it can do a hundred plus miles an hour.<sup>4</sup> Britain's most outstanding car—and the fastest.<sup>5</sup>

1. LE MATIN, PARIS 2. LE MONDE, PARIS 3. THE QUEEN

4. DAILY TELEGRAPH 5. NEW YORKER 6. DAILY HERALD

# JAGUAR

Powered by the world-famous XK120 engine



# ROSS'S Belfast Ginger Ale

Still the best non-alcoholic drink ever devised by man; but there is nothing to prevent the discreet addition of a little good whisky

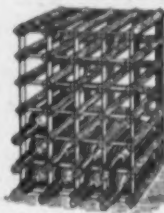
MANUFACTURED  
OF  
**BRIGHT STEEL BARS**

THE  
**HALESOWEN STEEL**

HALESOWEN, NR. BIRMINGHAM.  
88 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.1. 8 CHATHAM ST. MANCHESTER 1.

**BOTTLE BINS**

made in any size to order, and everything for the home bar and cellar.



NEAT  
—  
DURABLE  
—  
INEXPENSIVE

Suitable for 4-bottles up to Champagne Quarts

**FARROW & JACKSON LTD.**  
(Dept. "P")  
22/25 Eastminster, London, E.1

Tel.: Reg. 8401 (10 lines)  
Established 1798

"Be well dressed. Be Wool dressed"



Beau Brummell owed his social success  
To his knowledge of dress.  
"Wool has no demmed substitute!" he'd advise  
His friends of every shape and size.

For dressing for Success

there is **NO**  
substitute for



**CHELTENHAM**

for Holidays and Healthful Rest.  
Festival of British Contemporary  
Music July 13-20th. For rail services  
apply Stations, Offices or Agents.  
Guide (3d. stamps) from Dept. M Town Hall.  
**SUNTRAP OF THE COTSWOLDS**

**QUEEN ANNE**  
SCOTCH WHISKY



**HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD.**  
EDINBURGH Est. 1793

By Appointment  
Wine and Spirit Merchants  
To the late King George VI.

**COINTREAU**  
The Finest Liqueur  
at any time

Sole Importers:  
**W. Glendinning & Sons Ltd.** Newcastle upon Tyne 6

**LAMPORT & HOLT LINE**  
TO

**SOUTH AMERICA**

Regular Cargo and Passenger Service from  
**LIVERPOOL, GLASGOW, LONDON  
AND MIDDLESBROUGH TO  
BRAZIL & RIVER PLATE**

also between NEW YORK, BRAZIL and RIVER PLATE and  
ANTWERP, BRAZIL and RIVER PLATE.

For particulars apply to —  
**LAMPORT & HOLT LINE LTD.**

Royal Liver Building, Liverpool 3 (Tel.: CENTRAL 5650); 85  
Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3 (Tel.: MARINE HOUSE  
7533); or Agents.



**You can feel the  
difference—Your car has  
that 'cushiony' feeling**



**after MARFAK chassis  
Lubritection**

REGD. TRADE MARK

**The only lubricant that you know is  
on the job—protecting vital chassis parts**

**MARFAK** is a unique lubricant that is forced into the chassis under high pressure, and it won't squeeze out under the toughest road poundings. Even under extreme conditions it won't drip out, dry up, or wash off. Marfak stays on the job, cushioning against shock and protecting against wear and corrosion. It is far



**HAMMER TEST.** When hit with a hammer Marfak stays put. It softens the blow and doesn't spatter like ordinary grease. Marfak clings to vital chassis parts—doesn't squeeze out or dry up.

in advance of any ordinary grease. Ask your Regent Dealer about Marfak lubrication and get him to show you the simple tests which prove how Marfak does a better job. It cushions your car and gives complete protection for hundreds of extra miles. Marfak is applied by chart—not by chance.



**GET MARFAK  
CHASSIS LUBRITECTION  
AT YOUR REGENT DEALER**



*A Royal Year of Racing*

In 1895 the Prince of Wales, later to become King Edward VII, won 6 out of the 7 races in which he had entered his horse *Floralie II*. These included the Goodwood Cup, the Ascot Gold Vase, the Jockey Club Cup and the Manchester Cup. This was the year when, in a small city office, the late Mr. David Cope founded the Turf Accountancy business which has now become so famous. Today, the House of Cope has grown to be the biggest business of its kind in the world. But the principles upon which it was founded have not changed. They remain now as then—absolute secrecy, prompt personal attention, and complete dependability. Why not send today for our fully illustrated brochure?

Please send me a free copy of your new 1952 illustrated brochure. (I am over 21 years of age.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

COUNTY \_\_\_\_\_

Post 43

**YOU CAN DEPEND ON  
COPE'S**  
The World's Best Known Turf Accountants

DAVID COPE LTD.  
Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

**Happy families  
take ENO'S**

Pleasant, refreshing ENO'S "Fruit Salt" is the gentle corrective most of us need to keep the system regular. ENO'S is particularly suitable for children—and for anyone with a delicate stomach.

ENO'S will safely relieve over-acidity, a most frequent cause of indigestion, heartburn and flatulence. "Fruit Salt" is soothing and settling to the stomach upset by unsuitable food or drink.

A dash of ENO'S "Fruit Salt" at any time of day makes a sparkling, invigorating health-drink. To feel better—and look better—keep fit, fresh and regular with your ENO'S.



**Eno's 'Fruit Salt'**  
THE GENTLE ANTACID LAXATIVE

2/6d. Regular Size—Family Size (double the quantity) 4/6d.

## NIFE BATTERIES

*repay their original cost  
many times over*



Made of steel—container and plates—a NIFE battery has great mechanical strength. There is no deterioration of the plates, and no corrosion of terminals. In addition, even when discharging at the heaviest rates, a NIFE will give almost full capacity. Little maintenance is required. Install a NIFE—and years of trouble-free service will repay you handsomely for your investment.



- ★ STEEL CONSTRUCTION FOR LONG LIFE
- ★ COMPLETE RELIABILITY
- ★ LOW MAINTENANCE COSTS

**NIFE**  
STEEL BATTERIES

NIFE BATTERIES • REDDITCH • WORCESTERSHIRE

*for every occasion*



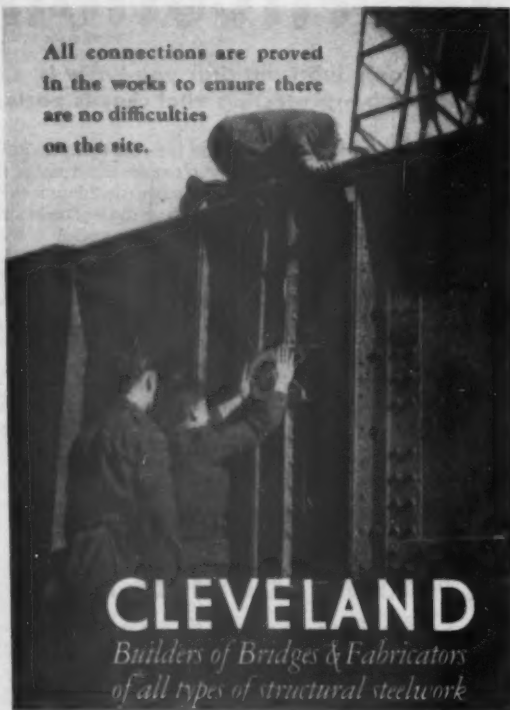
**PLAYER'S  
No. 3**



*The Quality Cigarette*

(SP 111)

All connections are proved  
in the works to ensure there  
are no difficulties  
on the site.



**CLEVELAND**

*Builders of Bridges & Fabricators  
of all types of structural steelwork*



In a class of its own  
for "Quality First" Features

Look where you will on the roads of the world and there you will see "Quality First"  
Morris cars road-proving their reliability. They have created a new and higher class of their own, excelling  
in performance and comfortable travel. No wonder Nuffield's were the first  
European manufacturers to build 2,000,000 vehicles.

The *"Quality First"*  
**MORRIS**



MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD. OVERSEAS BUSINESS: NUFFIELD EXPORTS LIMITED, OXFORD, AND 41 PICCADILLY LONDON, W.1  
C.C.63a



BY APPOINTMENT TOILET SOAP MANUFACTURERS TO H.M. THE KING  
A. & F. PEARS LIMITED



**BEST OF TWO WORLDS...** As a nation we have had the good sense to retain the better things which have made for greatness. Some have been adapted and fused with the new ideas of today; others remain unchanged.

The House of Pears reflects our two worlds. It was in 1789 that young Andrew Pears first introduced his Transparent Soap; a product destined to become a household word in nearly every country in the world.

Today, the House of Pears is not only famous for its soap; new products have added to its stature. Nevertheless, the standard of perfection set by Andrew Pears is still an inherent part of every product which bears the name of Pears. Quality, rather than quantity is still our guiding principle. That this is a worthy precept is proved by the fact that the House of Pears has prospered for over 150 years.

THE HOUSE OF

PEARS

1789-1952

